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THE  
Rape of Proserpine,

From CLAUDIAN. *us R*

---

In Three Books.

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With the STORY of  
SEXTUS and ERICHTHO,  
From LUCAN's *Pharsalia*, Book 6.

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Translated by Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

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*Elysios miratur Gracia Campos,  
Nec repetita sequi curat Proserpina Matrem.*  
Virgil. Georg.

*Hæc se Carminibus promittit solvere Mentes  
Quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere Curas  
Sistere aquam fluviis, & vertere Sidera retro  
Nocturnosque ciet Manes.*  
Æneid.

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L O N D O N,

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Proserpine, the Queen of Shades,  
The Goddess of the Underworld,  
Was ravished by Pluto, the King of the Dead,  
While she was gathering flowers in the garden of Sicily.  
The story is told in three books, and is a fine specimen of Latin poetry.



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# THE P R E F A C E.

**B**Y the few Memorials which remain of the Life of Claudian, it appears that he was a Native of Alexandria in Egypt, and flourish'd in the Fifth Century, under the Reign of Arcadius, Emperor of the East, and Honorius, Emperor of the West; who were both of the Christian Faith, which was now become the Religion of the Empire: Yet Augustine and Orosius, who liv'd near the time, and had consequently an Opportunity of being well inform'd, positively assure us, Claudian continu'd obstinate in the Pagan Superstition; and therefore the Verses upon our Saviour, which are printed with his Works, were either written by him in Compliment to the Emperor, or belong to another of the Name. His Vein in Poetry was undoubtedly born with him, and flows with the utmost Ease; and if he has not the Correctness and the numerous Versification of Virgil, yet there is a pleasing Vivacity in his Imagination, a Gaiety and Lustre

in his Words, and his Lines are musically turn'd: And we must be so just as to make him an Allowance for the Disadvantage he suffers by the Inferiority of his Subjects. The Reputation of his Writings was very great with the most eminent Men of his Age, and procur'd him the Affection of the Court and the principal Nobility in an extraordinary manner. But I shall say more of this in another place, and shall here consider some Remarks of Scaliger upon the Rape of PROSERPINE; having first explain'd a Paragraph at the Beginning of it, which may not, perhaps, be very clear to the English Reader, who is unacquainted with the Mythology of the Heathens.

Immediately after he has propos'd his Subject, Claudian makes a Transition, and, in a Poetical Rapture, represents Illuminations in a Temple, and several Deities approaching to celebrate some Religious Rites. And since neither the Occasion of this Assembly, nor the Connection between this Description and the Argument he is upon, is plainly express'd, the whole Passage is render'd something obscure.

But by considering the Persons who are mention'd in it, and the other Circumstances, we shall find that he means the Cerealia, which were annually observ'd at Athens, in Memory of the Rape. For Ceres, not being able to prevail on the Gods to discover whither her Daughter was convey'd, and who had stolen her, began to search for her thro the World. In her Progress she came to the Court of King Eleusius, and, as a Requital of the hospitable Reception he gave her, undertook the Education of his Son Triptolemus, who was then a Child; she fed him with her own Milk, and cover'd him up in the Embers by Night, to harden him and give him a robust Constitution. But the Father observing her once as she was going to lay him down in the Coals, and not knowing

knowing the Goddess had taken Care to secure him from Mischief, rush'd hastily in to prevent her: upon which Ceres, in a Rage, struck him dead; and taking young Triptolemus into her Chariot, immediately withdrew. As they rode on, she instructed him in the Nature of Husbandry, and at last committed to him her Chariot, which was drawn by Dragons, directing him to pass thro the Countries of Greece, and teach the People the Use of Corn. After a tedious Inquiry, she found her Daughter; and compromising the matter with Pluto, she instituted, in Memory of the Event, a yearly Festival, in which the Persons concern'd constantly us'd to appear. The Games were held at the Temple of Ceres in Eleusis; from whence a Procession went in great Form to Athens, and having perform'd certain Ceremonies there, return'd to Eleusis and concluded the Shew.

Accordingly, in the Verses before us, the several Parties belonging to these Solemnities, are introduc'd; as Triptolemus, the Favourite of Ceres, and Hecate, which is the Infernal Name of Proserpine; and Pluto is undoubtedly signify'd where Claudian speaks of the Horses neighing below the Ground; and the double Scene of the Representation is expressly nam'd:

————— Templumque remugit  
Cecropridum, sanctasq; Faces extollit Eleusis.

Those Lines, therefore, shou'd have been thus translated;

Th' Athenian Fame rebellows to the Sound,  
And glad Eleusis shines with holy Lights around.

Bacchus



Bacchus is justly join'd with the Choir, as being the God of Wine and Merriment; but Ceres (for which I am not able to account) happens not to be mention'd, tho certainly she ought by no means to have been omitted.

What has been said, I believe, may be sufficient to remove the Difficulty of this Passage; the Perplexity of which is owing to its being so improperly inserted: for the Sense will be distinct enough, if from the Proposition we pass directly to the Invocation.

The learned Scaliger, who speaks highly in Claudian's Favour, and particularly praises this Poem for the Beauties of it and for the Numbers, has made it an Objection, that Diana and Pallas shou'd be chosen out from all the Gods, to bear Venus Company, when she was to bring about the Rape. That Pallas shou'd be there, he says, is absurd, but Diana's going is utterly ridiculous; for they were both Virgins, and the last was the avow'd Patroness of Maids. He had too good an Opinion of Claudian, to believe this proceeded from Inadvertency or Want of Judgment; and as he debated it in his Thoughts, he happen'd to find a Fable in Diodorus, he tells us, which also mentions their going with Venus and Proserpine to gather Flowers in Sicily, to present to their Father Jupiter.

The Design of this Citation must be to shew, that others before Claudian had thought it no Impropriety to bring Diana and Pallas into Venus's Company; and consequently here was a Precedent to justify the Poet: But his Conduct in this Particular is so prudent, that he needs not this Excuse.

Venus was commanded by Jupiter to betray Proserpine from her private Apartment; and to prevent any Suspicion of the Design of her Visit, she took these for  
her

her Companions. For it was well suppos'd the Virgin  
wou'd be afraid of her who was infamous for Love-  
Stratagems, and a profess'd Enemy of Chastity; but  
to have her appear with these Maiden Powers, wou'd be  
a wise Expedient to remove all Jealousy, and give her a  
better Opportunity to effect her Plot. And Claudian  
has himself assign'd this Reason for it, Book 3. how-  
ever Scaliger overlook'd, or forgot it.

~~—~~ Cytherea venit, suspectaque nobis  
Ne foret, hinc Phæben Comites, hinc Pallada junxit.

I shall say nothing of Jupiter's positive Order for  
their Attendance, Book 1. where he gives Venus her  
Errand; of

~~—~~ Iuliusque Parentis,  
Pallas, & inflexo qua terret Minerva Cornu,  
Addunt se Comites:

Because that was the Poet's Contrivance, and so cou'd  
not be pleaded in his Favour, if it had been a Fault.

By the whole Course of the Story, Scaliger might have  
perceiv'd they were not let into the Secret; and perhaps  
he thought them to be improperly join'd with Venus,  
because they were likely to oppose her Design, when it  
broke out, and to hinder its Success. But then he  
shou'd have consider'd, that Pluto, who was to steal  
the Virgin, was one of the three Sovereign Gods, and  
therefore abundantly an Over-Match for them who were  
a Remove off in Divinity, as being his Brother's  
Daughters; he had the Fates also on his side, who  
were superior to Jupiter himself, and able singly to turn  
the Scale against the whole Heaven. And Pluto was  
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*Iussuque Parentis,  
Pallas, & inflexo quæ terret Menala Cornu,  
Addunt se Comites:*

Because that was the Poet's Contrivance, and so cou'd not be pleaded in his Favour, if it had been a Fault.

By the whole Course of the Story, Scaliger might have perceiv'd they were not let into the Secret; and perhaps he thought them to be improperly join'd with Venus, because they were likely to oppose her Design, when it broke out, and to hinder its Success. But then he shou'd have consider'd, that Pluto, who was to steal the Virgin, was one of the three Sovereign Gods, and therefore abundantly an Over-Match for them who were a Remove off in Divinity, as being his Brother's Daughters; he had the Fates also on his side, who were superior to Jupiter himself, and able singly to turn the Scale against the whole Heaven. And Pluto was

so

so sensible of his Odds of Power, that he made a Jest of their Attempts for a Rescue, and laugh'd at their Resistance:

*Ille velut Stabuli, &c.*

Scaliger's Animadversion on the last Verse of the first Book;

*Craftina venturæ spectantes Gaudia Prædæ:*

where he asks how the Horses came to know of the Matter? is plainly too Hypercritical: For this is so natural a Figure, that all Nations have universally us'd it; as might be shewn by particular Instances, of which Scaliger's vast Reading could not be ignorant. And there is the Authority of his own Virgil for it, who frequently imputes Sense and Passions to inanimate Things.

*Ipsi lætitiâ Voces ad Sidera jactant*

*Intonsi Montes: ipsæ jam Carmina Rupes,*

*Ipsa sonant Arbusta.*

*Ecl. 5.*

A Horse may as well know of a Wedding, as Hills and Woods rejoice and sing Songs of Praise; Virgil has also an Expression of this kind, which, I presume, will be allow'd to be much harder;

*Nec audire Currus Habenas*

*Geor. 1.*

Where the Chariot is put for the Horses, and Hearing the Reins, for Obeying them.

But

But Scaliger is certainly right in censuring Claudian for making a Digression, Book 1. concerning Mount Aetna, and inquiring into the Causes of its Eruptions in his own Person. For to suspend the main Subject, while he so unseasonably assumes the part of a natural Philosopher, is a Fault which cannot be excus'd.

I wonder how it escap'd him, that in the Invocation, Book 1. and in the Speech of Jupiter, Book 3. Claudian makes Corn not to have been known among Mankind, before Ceres taught it in her Progress; yet in describing her Journey to Phrygia, after she had left Proserpina in Sicily, he says Corn grew up suddenly in the Fields thro which her Chariot pass'd, and follow'd the Track.

By the original Structure of the Fable of Ceres, this Virtue might, perhaps, be inseparable from the Wheels of her Chariot, which necessarily produc'd the Effect wherever they touch'd on the Ground: but as Claudian was under no Necessity to mention these Particulars, so the most commodious way to save him from a seeming Contradiction, is to conceive, that either the Corn which arose in those Places, was not observ'd by any, or, if it was, that Men knew not the Use of it, or the means of improving it.

The Argument of this Poem is not simple, or one alone, for it shou'd then have concluded with Pluto's making the Rape; whereas he proposes to relate farther, the Search of Ceres for her Daughter, her Success in the Search, and her teaching Agriculture to the World. But of all he wrote upon the Subject, only these three Books are now left us; the last of which is also imperfect. However they intirely comprehend the Adventure of the Rape, which is made the Title of the whole. The Fable is engaging, the Painting lively, the Speeches gracefully conceiv'd, and the Similies pertinently chosen. In Proof of this, I shall only mention the Description of the Lawn, Book 2. The Speech of Pluto in the same Book, and the Simile of Boreas,



Book 1. of the Shepherd missing his Cattle, and of the Mother Bird, B. 3. the last of which is extremely tender.

Possibly in the Scene which Proserpine embroiders on the Scarf, Book 1. there may be a secret Allusion to the future Dominion she was to obtain over the whole Race of Nature, by becoming Pluto's Wife, as well as to her Celestial Descent. For the Pagans held the Earth and all the sublunary Stars were perishable, and obnoxious to Corruption; and Pluto, when he is carrying her away, among other Arguments of Consolation, acquaints her, that she should possess an Empire to which everything beneath the Moon was in Subjection, and should finally descend. And it may not be without a like Design, that upon the Garment she wears when she goes out with Venus, Book 2. the Poet places the Figures of Phœbus and Diana. For Phœbus was the God of Day, and Diana was the Patroness of Virginitie; both which, Proserpine was then to lose. They were also her Relations, Jupiter being their common Father, tho by different Mothers. And beside this Affinity, Apollo was one of her principal Sacrers. He was, indeed, his Mistress's Brother; but the Pagan Morals scrupled not to represent their Gods as acting all manner of Impurity and Vice, in greater Excesses than were even suffer'd among Men. Nor was Proserpine dispos'd of much more honestly in the present Match, for Pluto was her Uncle.

I shall close what I have said of Claudian with the Character Scaliger has given him in his Hypercritic, and with relating a Circumstance of his History which I have intimated, at the Beginning, the Reader might expect. He has a happy Heat of Fancy, says Scaliger, and a well-govern'd Judgment, his Diction is pure and elegant; and he has said a great many things which are pointed and strong, without Affectation. Now this is the more to be regarded, because it is the Opinion of a Man, who lays Load on Homer himself, and is seldom unwilling to censure an Author.

The

The Esteem the Emperors and the Body of the People had of him, was so high, that they plac'd him on a foot with Homer and Virgil, and agreed to honour him with a Statue, in respect to the uncommon Merit of his Wit. For some Years since, a Marble which supported it, was found at Rome, the Inscription on which styles him, Prægloriosissimus Poetarum, The most Illustrious of Poets; and commends him for his Knowledge in the other Liberal Arts; and says, That at the Request of the Senate, the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius order'd a Statue to be erected to him in the Forum of Trajan: It concludes with these Verses;

Εἰν ἐνὶ Βεργιλίῳ ῥόον, καὶ μῦθον Ὀμήρου  
Κλαυδίου, Παῖσι καὶ βασιλεῦσι ἔθειον.

To Claudian's Fame, who equal'd in his Lays  
Homer's rich Muse and Virgil's happy Praise,  
Rome and her Emperors this Statue raise.

To the Poem of Claudian I have added the latter half of the sixth Book of Lucan, which seems to be a very entertaining Part of the Pharsalia, tho it has not appear'd among the new Translations several ingenious Hands have lately given us from that Author.

It is not for me to undertake to compare Lucan and Claudian together, and to decide concerning their Merit; tho this Piece of Lucan being his own Invention, and not a History, a Comparison might be more equally form'd between them. We shall scarcely find any thing in the Pharsalia more poetically imagin'd, or wrought up with greater Strength, than the Relation of the Thessalian Magic, the Description of Erichtho's Person and Manners, her Incantations and Sorceries, where she raises the Soldier's Spirit, and the Speech in which, by the different Behaviour of the Ghosts in the Infernal Regions, accordingly as they approv'd the Cause of Cæsar or Pompey, he intimates to her and Sextus the Success of the Battel concerning which they inquir'd. For with his usual Aversion to Cæsar, the Poet artfully represents the Manes of those Romans who had been Enemies to their Country, and were Movers of Popular Insurrections and Tumults, as full of Gladness and Triumph; while the better Shades, who had honourably serv'd the Common-wealth, and stood in its Defence,

Defence, are dejected and grieve at the Prospect of the Fall of the Roman Liberty in Pompey.

Tho I have been careful to render the Reply of Erichtho to Sextus as clearly as I cou'd; yet I believe it will scarcely seem intelligible; the Doctrine which is express'd in it, is so inconsistent and absurd. She begins with magnifying her Power, by which she engages to reverse and change the Destiny of any particular Person without exception; and at the same time, declares an Universal Series of Causes had fatally pre-determin'd all Events from the Origin of the World, which it was impossible to alter: And therefore as to the approaching Battel, she cou'd indeed reveal the Issue of it to him, but she cou'd do nothing to influence it. If he wanted any thing beyond this, she advises him to seek for it from Fortune; one Caprice of whose, she says, wou'd more avail him, than the Art of her and all the Witches of Thessaly; tho they are describ'd as commanding the Gods and the whole Frame of Nature at pleasure, and her Powers are extended far beyond theirs, and 'tis expressly said, she can over-rule the Fates, Vim faciat Fatis.

But when a Man thinks obscurely, he writes with Confusion; and the Names Fortune and Fate, so common with the Heathens, Mr. Le Clerc rightly observes, were Nomina Nihili, empty Words, of which they who us'd them had no Ideas; and the Passage he quotes to prove it is taken from this Speech of Erichtho.

Tho I am without the Authority of any Commentator to justify the Criticism, I have a Suspicion that it is by an Oversight, two of the four following Lines have been continu'd in the Copies of Lucan;

18 M 64

Nec cessant a Cæde Manus, si sanguine vivo  
Est Opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.  
Nec refugit Cædes, vivum si Sacra cruorem  
Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia Mensæ.

The Sense is manifestly the same in both Couplets, and the Words are scarcely different; and therefore I believe Lucan wrote both down at the Time, and was considering in himself which of them express'd that Thought to most advantage, but forgot to strike out the Verses he rejected. However I leave my Conjecture, with the Errors and Defects, in these Translations, to the candid Judgment of the Reader.





THE  
RAPE  
OF  
PROSERPINE.

---

BOOK I.

---

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject of the Poem propounded. Pluto, in a Rage, draws together his Infernal Legions, to revenge himself upon Jupiter and Neptune, his Brother Gods, because, that while themselves were happy in a Nuptial State, they took no care to supply him with a proper Bride; for in his own Dominions he had none whom he cou'd marry. The Fates interpose, and beg him to try gentler Methods: Accordingly, he dispatches Mercury to Jupiter, to acquaint him, that  
B. unless

## 2 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

unless he gratify'd him in this Particular, he wou'd arm the Powers of Hell, and throw all things into Confusion. Jupiter grants his Request, and resolves that he shall steal Proserpine, the Daughter of Ceres, and make her his Bride. Her Mother, who was jealous lest some Violence shou'd be offer'd her, because of her inimitable Beauty, conveys her privately to Sicily; where she conceals her in a House built on purpose by the Cyclops. Jupiter instructs Venus to go thither and betray her from her Retirement, that his Brother might have an Opportunity to carry her away: and to prevent any Suspicion in the Virgin's Mind, he commands Diana and Pallas to bear her Company. The three Goddesses arriving, find Proserpine at Work on a Scarf for her Mother; in which she had embroider'd the Primitive Chaos, and the Formation of the World. Pluto harnesses his Chariot, and prepares for the Adventure.



HE horrid Horses and fulphureous Car,  
Which bore aloft th' Infernal Ravisher;

And rising from the dismal Shades of Night,  
Obscur'd the Stars, and blotted out their Light;  
The darksome Spousals of the ravish'd Fair,  
My growing Verse adventures to declare.  
Far hence remove, ye groveling Rout profane,  
The sacred Rage comes rushing on amain,

Th'

The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

3

Th' abundant Fervor has my Soul possess'd,  
And all *Apollo* labours in my Breast.

I SEE the Temples shake, and nodding Shrine,  
With flashing Beams the lofty Cielings shine,  
And own the God's Approach, and Majesty Divine.  
Deep Neighings issue from the murm'ring Ground,  
Th' *Athenian* Fane rebellows to the Sound,  
And holy Torches sparkle all around.  
*Triptolemus*'s Dragons to the Song,  
Erect their rosy Crests, and glide along :  
See *Hecate* with her Triple Form from far,  
And florid *Bacchus* to the Games appear ;  
With gilded Claws, the *Tiger*'s shaggy Pride  
His Shoulders spreads, his Hair with Ivy ty'd ;  
Jocund he marches thro' th' assembling Crowd,  
His Ivy Spear supports the bowfy God.

YE Pow'rs, who rule the peopled Plains below,  
Of flitting Shades, and waste Dominions know ;  
To whose prodigious Realms, whatever dies,  
By Grant descends, and in Subjection lies ;



4    *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Whom rolling *Styx* with livid Streams furrounds,  
And the loud *Phlegethon's* fierce Eddy bounds:  
Show me the Secrets of your nightly Reign,  
And ev'ry sacred Mystery explain.  
What wondrous Flame did *Pluto's* Breast inspire,  
And melted into Love and soft Desire;  
How ravish'd *Proserpine* was borne away,  
Endow'd with Chaos and th' Infernal Sway.  
Her anxious Mother's wand'ring Course declare,  
From whence the Plains their golden Harvests bear,  
And all the Laws of Husbandry began,  
And Corn, for falling Acorns, nourish'd Man.

THE gloomy King, with Indignation fir'd,  
Against his Brethren of the Sky conspir'd,  
That he alone shou'd want the Nuptial Cares,  
And barren pass his solitary Years,  
Nor know the Husband's nor the Father's Name;  
The fretting Thoughts his angry Mind inflame:  
Mad, and impatient of the single Bed,  
Against the Gods his griev'd Troops he led.

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 5

The summon'd Furies in the Front appear,  
And dire *Tisiphone* with hissing Hair,  
Toss'd high her Torch, th' appointed Sign, from far,  
To call the Legions to th' audacious War.  
And now the loosen'd Elements again  
Had shock'd in Fight, and throwing off their Chain,  
Th' enormous Giants, issuing from their Night,  
With impious Arms, had fill'd the Fields of Light;  
*Ægeon*, with his hundred Hands, defy'd  
The flashing Lightning, and the Thunders try'd.  
But the preventing Fates forbid the War,  
And fearing for the World, with flowing Hair,  
They lift their Hands, those Hands that weave the  
Twine  
Of human Lots, and Destinys Divine:  
And twist the Thred, on their Eternal Reel,  
Of future Ages, and their Fortune deal.  
Suppliant, before their Sov'reign's Throne they  
fall,  
And weeping *Lachesis* thus speaks for all:  
O King supreme, and Father of the Night,  
Monarch of Shades, and of resistless Might!

From

# 6    *The* RAPE of PROSERPINE.

From whom the fruitful Seeds of all things come,  
Which live and die with an alternate Doom :  
Thou Pow'r of Life and Death (for what is bred  
In Nature's Round, does from thy Gift proceed,  
To thee returns ; and when the fated Pause  
Of rolling Years is run, by certain Laws,  
The passing Minds their former Load sustain,  
Are born, tho loth, and sheath'd in Flesh again)  
Seek not to break th' establish'd Bands of Peace  
Which we have fix'd, thy impious Arms release,  
Nor wage a Civil War with upper Jove,  
Nor with assembled Troops Rebellion move.  
Why dost thou bring the Giants to the Light ?  
Petition Jove, and he will do thee Right ;  
A charming Bride thy longing Arms shall bless,  
And, with her Beauties, crown the lasting Peace.

SLOW to relent, at length his rageful Mind,  
Unus'd to melt, was at her Pray'r inclin'd.  
His Fury falls, and cooling in his Blood,  
His Passion settles, and indignant Mood.



## The RAPE of PROSERPINE 7

As when loud Boreas musters all his Force,  
And meditates a Ruin in his Course;  
To freeze the Floods, and bury in the Snow  
The leafless Forests, and the Ground below,  
To toss the Billows of the mounting Main,  
And beat his rattling Hailstones on the Plain;  
Hoarsely to bellow, and to bring from far  
A wide Destruction, and a wintry War;  
If then his blust'ring God the Gates unfold,  
And call the Tempest to his brazen Hold,  
His swelling Wrath in empty Threats expires,  
And silent to his Cave the huffing Blast retires.

NOW Min's Son he cites; with ready Speed  
The God obeys, his Wings adorn his Head;  
He shakes the Virtue of the sleepy Wand,  
And hastens to perform the high Command.  
Obscure in Majesty and cloudy State,  
On his rude Throne the lofty Sov'reign sat;  
A lambent Fog, sublimely on his Head  
Diffus'd its Mist, and rose a Pyramid:

Eter-

18    *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Eternal Vengeance in his Looks is seen,  
 Frowning his Front, and horrid is his Mein,  
 And thus he spoke, in a rebellowing Voice :  
 All Hell is silent at her Tyrant's Noise ;  
 The Dog is dumb ; and starting in their Bed,  
*Cocytus*' Waves run backward to their Head ;  
 Loud *Acheron* is hush'd, and slowly glides,  
 And *Phlegethon* repress'd his murmur'ing Tides.

OFFSPRING of *Atlas*, and my Nephew dear,  
 Of Hell and Heav'n the common Messenger,  
 Who can'st alone appear in either Court,  
 Free of both Worlds, which own thy glad Resort.  
 Wing on the flitting Winds thy Flight above,  
 And bear this Message to the haughty *Jove* :  
 What Right on me, O Tyrant, can'st thou plead ?  
 Or do'st thou think our native Strength is fled,  
 When random Fortune gave the Heav'n away,  
 Our Virtue losing, when we lost the Day ;  
 Or prostrate that we lie, with groveling Mind,  
 Of thee afraid, and to thy Pow'r resign'd ;

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 9**

Because no forky Fires, or rattling Brand,  
With idle Terrors, arm our better Hand?  
Is't not enough, that banish'd from the Light,  
Our cruel Lot has fix'd us in the Night,  
Darkling to rule, with a tremendous Reign,  
O'er empty Shadows, and a hideous Plain?  
While in the happy Skies you wear your Crown,  
And all the glitt'ring Stars gild your Imperial  
Throne?  
But you impose a solitary Life,  
Debar'd th' Embraces of a pleasing Wife?  
Fair *Amphitrite*, *Neptune* has possess'd,  
And *Juno* lulls thee in her fragrant Breast;  
Besides the wand'ring Loves which fill'd thy  
Arms,  
*Latona*, *Ceres*, and great *Themis'* Charms.  
So wantonly your Genial Fires around  
You spread, with such a num'rous Issue crown'd;  
But I, inglorious in my lonely Hall,  
To sooth my Cares, no chearful Offspring call:  
Awak'd to such Affronts, by endless Night,  
And *Styx*, I swear, Unless thou do'st me right,



10 **The RAPE of PROSERPINE.**

All Hell I'll raise, and break old *Saturn's* Chain,  
And choak, with mounting Fogs, th' *Ætherial*  
Plain;  
With cloudy Chaos mix the shining Pole,  
O'erturn thy upper Worlds, and spoil the whole.

(Flight,  
**SCARCELY** he spoke, when, with dispatchful  
The sacred Envoy gain'd the Fields of Light,  
Expos'd his Errand to th' Almighty Sire:  
He heard, and pondring on the God's Desire  
And furlly Menaces, his Thought employ'd,  
For the dark King to find a fitting Bride;  
The Pledge of Peace, who, willing, might be won,  
For *Stygian* Night to change the chearful Sun,  
And, musing long, at last, he fix'd his Choice on one.

**CERES**, the Pow'r of the prolifick Year,  
One only Daughter had, supremely Fair,  
Nor bore a second Birth; in this alone  
More Honours she obtain'd, and more Renown

Than

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 111

Than all the teeming Mothers; in her Face  
Her *Proserpine* had summ'd the Beauties of a Race;  
She cherishes the Darling, Night and Day,  
And follows still, and fondly with childish Play.  
Not so the Mother of the milky Train  
Attends her young, and fosters on the Plain;  
While yet the budding Horns are scarcely seen,  
And no rude Yoke has press'd the sleeky Skin.  
The Maid, now past an Infant, feels the Flames  
Of spritely Love, and innocently claims;  
She hopes the Nuptial State, but hopes with Fear,  
And wishes, but her Wish is unsincere.  
The Palace swarms with Suiters, at her Side  
The gloomy *Mars* and bright *Apollo's* Pride  
With Rival Vows the shining Virgin try'd.  
*Mars* vaunts the Trophies of the routed Field,  
And *Phæbus* in unerring Shafts excell'd.  
That offers *Rhodophe*, and this the Shade  
Of *Delos*, *Claros*, which his Pow'r obey'd.  
Their Mothers for their Sons the Courtship press,  
*Latona*, *Juno*, but without Success;

12 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

*Ceres* rejects them both; and, struck with Fear  
Of a foul Rape, resolves to hide her Care  
(Blind to her Fate) in distant *Sicily*,  
And in the secret Isle intrusts her Joy.

*TRINACRIA* join'd with *Italy*, before  
Th' impetuous Ocean sever'd either Shore,  
And burst a horrid Flaw: the Hills are rent,  
And the torne Land breaks from the Continent;  
In neigbbring Distance fix'd, and easy Ken,  
And the victorious Seas triumphant pour between.  
The new-made Island, with three Angles form'd,  
Nature against a second Mischief arm'd:  
Secur'd with ridgy Rocks which brave the Main,  
And beat th' assaulting Billows back again.  
The dashing Surges round *Pachynus* roar,  
And fiercely rush on the *Getulian* Shore;  
And *Lilybaum* does the War sustain,  
And the wild Waves, impatient of the Chain,  
On firm *Pelorus* pour their Rage in vain.  
Fix'd in the midst is fiery *Ætna* found,  
*Ætna* for vanquish'd Giants still renown'd:



**The RAPE of PROSERPINE** 13

*Enceladus's* Load, who, crush'd beneath,  
From his large Breast does burning Tempests  
breathe.  
Still as the Monster, weary of the Weight,  
Exchanges Sides, he shakes the Mountain's Height;  
*Sicilia* nods, and ev'ry tott'ring Wall  
Leans to the Ground, and meditates a Fall.  
Th' aspiring Summit from afar is shown,  
And is accessible to Sight alone;  
Here smiling Spring and chearful Greens appear,  
And flow'ry Blossoms and a blooming Year;  
And there black Clouds and Tempests force their  
way,  
And with their loathsome Pitch pollute the Day;  
The lab'ring Hill alarms the Stars, and feeds  
Th' Eternal Flame, which in her Bowels breeds;  
And, tho the Burnings rage with such Excess,  
Yet faithful to the Snows, they keep eternal Peace.  
And hoary Winter does her Seat maintain,  
Secure of Thaws, and unmolested reign;  
Coldly she hovers on the freezing Coast,  
And the fierce Flames sweep harmless o'er the Frost.

WHAT

# 14 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

WHAT forceful Engines whirl aloft in Air  
 The shiver'd Fragments, and the Mountain tear?  
 From what strange Source proceeds the burning  
 Stream,  
 Which on the wasted Valleys spouts the Flame?  
 Or, in Confinement choak'd, th' imprison'd Wind  
 Pushes around an open Vent to find,  
 And, in its way resisted by the Rock,  
 O'erturns its Entrails with the furious Shock;  
 And breaking fiercely out in upper Air,  
 It leaves the suff'ring Hill thus batter'd by the War.  
 Or the Sea, entring thro the sulph'rous Veins,  
 Foments the Fire, and on the blasted Plains  
 Displodes the mingled Ruin; wildly thrown,  
 The Stones and liquid Flames fall with Destruction  
 down.

WHEN Cybele had her precious Pledge conceal'd  
 In the lov'd Isle, the ready way she held  
 To tow'ry Cybel's Phrygian Temple, there  
 To find the Goddess and forget her Care.  
 She steers her Dragons, thro the Clouds they fly,  
 And print a winding Track along the Sky;

The

*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 15

The curbing Bit with rising Froth they stain,  
And work their harmless Poison on the Rein.  
High are their Crests, and speckled are their Backs  
With azure Spots, and mix'd with golden Streaks.  
And now aloft thro Air they make their Flight,  
And now descending on the Furrows light;  
The whirling Wheels, revolving o'er the Ground,  
The Fields impregnate as the Glebe they wound.  
A sudden Harvest starts upon the Plain,  
And in their Footsteps springs the yellow Grain.  
While *Ceres* urges thus her hasty Flight,  
Retiring *Sicily* is lost to Sight:  
And, ah! how oft the boding Tears o'erflow  
Her rosy Cheeks, and her Affliction show:  
How oft with streaming Eyes, she view'd the Land  
Which all her Wishes and her Joy contain'd!

(Shore!  
THE N, parting, thus she spoke: Delightful  
Prefer'd to Heav'n by me, and favour'd more,  
With thee the Darling of my Soul I trust,  
To thy committed Pledge be kindly just!

Such



16 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Such rich Rewards thou largely shalt receive,  
As the fond Mother gratefully can give.  
No vexing Share thy fruitful Soil shall know,  
Nor drudging Oxen, nor the crooked Plow;  
But, unmanur'd, shall spring the rising Grain,  
In swelling Clusters, and the wondring Swain  
Shall reap unlabour'd Harvests from the Plain.

SHE said; And now her winged Dragons made  
Th' intended Course, and reach'd the sacred Shade.  
The worship'd Temple of the Goddess stood  
Lone in a Grove, and cover'd by a Wood.  
And, tho the silent Winds were all at Peace,  
Hoarse Murmurs ruffle thro the whisp'ring Trees;  
And, from within, a more amazing Sound  
Is loudly heard, and bellows all around:  
Religious *Ida* horrid Howlings fill,  
And Groans and Screamings shake the trembling  
Hill.

AT *Ceres'* sudden Sight the Concert ceas'd,  
The Chorus stop'd, and their wild Notes suppress'd;

And

**THE RARE OF PROSERPINE 87**

And *Corybas* forsook his Sword to wield  
In antick *Bronze* and *glass* against his Shield  
The sounding *Timbrels* and the *Pipes* were mute  
And the same *Lions* lay'd beneath her Foot  
And *Cybel*, leaping from her *Throne* in haste  
Glad of her Presence, lovingly embrac'd.

NOW *Jupiter*, from his superior Height,  
Beheld th' Adventure with observant Sight;

To *Venus* then the Secret he confess'd:

THE careful Burden of my lab'ring Breast,  
To thee, bright Chamber of the Skies, I'll tell,

And no Intention from thy Ear conceal

The sooty Sov'reign, firmly is decreed;

The beautiful *Proserpine* shall shortly wed;

So *Thetis* has pronounc'd, and so conspire

Concurring Fates, and such is my Desire

Then, while her Mother's absent, take thy way

To *Sicily*, the Daughter to betray,

And tempt her from her Cell, with unsuspected Play.

And when the Purple Morning paints the Skies,

Instructed with thy Wiles, th' uncautious Fair

surprise;

18 **The RAPE of PROSERPINE.**

The Train of many Stratagems employ,  
In which I fell so oft, entangled into Joy.  
Why should the nightly Realms thy Sway disdain?  
Spread o'er their Gloom thy Universal Reign;  
And in the fallen Regions of the Dead  
Let *Venus* rule, and be thy Pow'r obey'd  
The grieved Furies with the Flame inspire,  
And melt the ruthless King with thy prevailing Fire.

SMIL'D the soft Goddess, and with duteous Speed  
Prepares to accomplish what her Sire decreed;  
At his Command, *Minerva* and the Queen  
Of piny *Mehalas* their Presence join  
Where'er th' illustrious Train pursue their way,  
A golden Path appears, and following Day  
So threatening Comets, flashing from on high  
Their sanguine Beams, dart swiftly thro' the Sky  
They stream a ruddy Trail, and not in vain,  
The Sailor fears them on the watry Plain,  
And trembling Nations dread the long malignant  
Train.

The bearded Blaze th' impending Ill foreshows  
Of wrecking Tempests, or invading Foes.



## **The RAPE of PROSERPINE 19**

**AND** now the Deities approach the Place,  
Where anxious *Ceres* lodg'd her tender Race;  
With Bars and Secrecy her Form to guard,  
The splendid Dome the *Cyclops* strongly rear'd;  
On Ir'n Foundations stands the solid Wall,  
And Iron Pillars prop the spacious Hall.  
Eternal Steel, with stubborn Plates, secures  
The wondrous Gate, and fortify'd the Doors.  
The drudging Brethren ne'er, with equal Toil,  
Labour'd so vast a Work, or rais'd so firm a Pile:  
Nor the huge Bellows with their hollow Frame,  
Swell'd with such gather'd Blasts, to puff the Flame:  
Nor floated, with a molten Sea, before  
The Furnace such a boiling Ocean bore.  
The Front was fac'd with Iv'ry, and around,  
Refulgent Brass the lofty Summit crown'd.  
Amber, in tow'ring Columns, rose on high,  
And with th' unusual Sight surpris'd the wond'ring  
Eye.  
Then, singing to her Work, with fruitless Care,  
The tender Virgin did a Scarf prepare  
For her lov'd Mother, when returning there.

# TO THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE

Neat in th' imbroider'd Ground, the curious Maid,  
 Her native Heav'n and th' Elements, display'd;  
 How interposing Nature hush'd the War  
 Of huddled Chaos, and compos'd the Jar:  
 Sever'd the Seeds; and suiting to their Kind,  
 To proper Places all the Parts assign'd.  
 The light, sublimely borne, ascend on high,  
 The heavy sink, and far beneath them lie:  
 The Sky is bright with Stars, the Planets roll,  
 And active Flame informs the rapid Pole:  
 And flow the Seas, and pour their Waves along,  
 And Earth suspended on her Balance hung.

IN various Colours, the express'd the whole;  
 In Gold the Stars are kindled, purple roll  
 The washing Billows, and the Gems display  
 An imitated Shore, to bound the seeming Sea.  
 The lying Waves, as liquid in the Brede,  
 Rise by her Art, and swell within their Bed.  
 The gath'ring Ooze the slimy Rock besmears,  
 And working in a Foam, the Main appears,  
 With chiding Sounds to threat the deafen'd Ears.

She

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE** 24

She adds the several Climates y<sup>e</sup> the torrid Zone  
Frys with the fervor of th<sup>e</sup> incessant Sun;  
The habitable world a mild<sup>d</sup> Sky,  
Refreshing Heat, and welcome Beams, enjoy.  
Then, far beneath, eternal Winter reigns,  
And bitter Frost the bleak<sup>y</sup> Robe constrains,  
Shivering to sight, and lively in the Strains.  
Nor had she th<sup>e</sup>re forgot the Court to show  
Of mighty Pluto, and the Ghosts below;  
Nor wanted Omen to her future Fate;  
For, off with trickling Tears her Cheeks had wet  
Impatient for the Race, and hoping of the Prey.

THE winding Ocean she began to draw,  
When, listning to the Sound, she turn'd and saw  
Th' approaching Goddesses, with modest Grace,  
The running Blushes kindle all her Face.  
Not ev'n so deep the tainted Iv'ry glows,  
When the fresh Purple does its Red oppose.

THE Day was clos'd, and silent Night began  
To shake her sleepy Dews on weary Man;

When



## 22 The R A P E of P R O S E R P I N E.

When *Pluto* longs to try the pleasing way,  
 By *Jove* admonish'd to the Light of Day.  
 The fell *Alecto* to the Chariots bound  
 The frightful Team, which rudely feed around  
*Cocytus*' Banks, and o'er the gloomy Space  
 Of *Erebus*, in ample Pasture graze;  
 And drink, when satiate with their horrid Food,  
 A swelling Bev'idge from the oblivious Flood.  
*Orpheus* fiercer, swift *Erion*, *Nyx* best  
 Of *Pluto's* Breed, and mark'd *Alastor* last,  
 Before the Palace stand; they toss, they neigh,  
 Impatient for the Race, and hoping of the Prey.

THE winding Ocean she began to draw,  
 When, *The End of the First Book.*

Th' approaching Goddesses, with modest Grace,  
 The running Blushes kindle all her Face.

Not ev'n to deep the *rosy* glows,  
 When the fresh *Pur* ed opole.



THE Day was clos'd, and silent Night began  
 To shake her sleepy Dews on weary Man;

THE

When

endeavour to appease her Zeros, by representing to her the great Dignity and Command she should be  
of the Infernal Spirit

THE  
RAPPE



And a weak splendor trembled on the Sea.  
PROSERPINE

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

At the Persuasion of Venus, Proserpine ventures out, early in the Morning, from her Apartment, into the pleasant Fields, which lay on one side of Mount Aetna: The Lawn beautifully describ'd. While they are busy in gathering the several Flowers, Pluto makes his way thro the Earth; and rising above Ground in his Chariot, seizes Proserpine, and carries her away with him, in spite of Diana and Pallas; who are forbid by Jupiter, to attempt her Rescue. Pluto  
endeavours

## 24 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

endeavours to appease her Sorrows, by representing to her, the great Dignity and Command she shou'd be advanc'd to, by becoming his Wife. Upon their Arrival, a multitude of the Shades flock round them to behold their Queen; and there is a general Cessation of Torments, and an universal Joy among the Ghosts. The Marriage Ceremonies are perform'd, and the Epithalamium is sung by a Choir of the Infernal Spirits.



HE Dawn began its Blushes to display  
With orient Beams, preluding to the  
Day,

And a weak Splendor trembled on  
the Sea.

When bold, and thoughtless of her Parent's Charge,  
Glad *Proserpine* had set her self at large,

Deceiv'd by *Venus*, (so the Fates decreed)

And fought her Pastime on the flow'ry Mead.

Thrice the harsh Hinges gave a boding Sound,

Thrice groaning *Aetna* grumbled all around;

Yet no Presages shock'd the Virgin's Mind,

Her Sister Goddesses the freely join'd.

*VENUS* goes first, with an enchanting Shape,

Laughing, and conscious of the future Rape,

And



*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 25

And hopes the coming Hour, to fix her Reign  
O'er fullen Chaos, and th' Infernal Plain;  
When her acknowledg'd Pow'r the Depths of Hell,  
And all their empty Family shou'd feel.

In wavy Curls her braided Hair was dress'd,  
The curious Ringlets heav'nly Art express'd;  
Her purple Gown a sparkling Buckle bound,  
Her Husband's Gift, and held it from the Ground.  
Then came the spotless Queen of Woodland Game,  
With her whose Arms protect th' *Athenian* Fame:  
Both Virgins; this is dreaded in the Field,  
And that in Huntings happily excell'd.

High on her Helmet, menacing before,  
The horrid *Typhon's* wond'rous Form she bore;  
Tho slain above, below the Monster lives,  
Dies in this Part, and in this Part survives.

Pointed with polish'd Steel, her weighty Spear  
Is round and firm, and does an Oak appear;  
While on her Shield, which bore the *Gorgon's*  
Head,

With friendly Care her flourish'd Gown she spread;

E

But

26 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

But the mild Beauties of the *Sylvan Queen*  
 Were sweetly fair, and all her Charms serene:  
 She looks her Brother in her radiant Face;  
 Her Cheeks and sparkling Eyes express his Grace:  
 The same she were, did not her Sex alone  
 A Diff'rence cause, and make the Virgin known.  
 Her Arms are naked to th' admiring Eye,  
 And in the Wind her careless Tresses fly.  
 Her furnish'd Quiver on her Shoulder hung,  
 And her neglected Bow was now unstrung.  
 Bare to the Knee, a double Girdle held  
 Her gather'd Gown, and orderly compell'd;  
 The floating *Delos* the rich Robes display,  
 And round the wandring Isle is wrought a golden  
 Sea.

Then *Ceres'* Daughter, now her Mother's Pride,  
 Shortly her Grief, goes equal by their Side;  
 In Form and Grace the same: she *Pallas* were,  
 Arm'd with a Shield; and if a Dart she bear,  
 She wou'd *Diana* to the Sight appear.

In pleated Knots her costly Garments bound,  
 With Jasper Stones were delicately crown'd.

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 27

The flying Shuttle ne'er, with better Skill,  
Finish'd a Vest, or wove a Silk so well.  
Th' embroider'd Figures ev'n with Nature strive,  
And seem to heave with Breath, and truly live.

WITH Infant Beams there the young Sun was  
drawn,  
And next, his Sister Goddess of the Lawn.  
Just born they were, and glowing into Light,  
The radiant Rulers of the Day and Night.  
*Tethys* attends, and with indulgent Care,  
Lulls in her Lap the soft illustrious Pair:  
The shining Babes her snowy Bosom gild,  
With mingling Rays, and mutual Splendor yield.  
In her right Hand, she holds *Apollo's* Weight;  
Mild is his Lustre, and beginning Light,  
Not with the Blaze of ripen'd Glory bright.  
And weeping as he seem'd to raise his Cry,  
Soft Beams diffuse, and break from either Eye:  
And *Phæbe*, sucking, on the Breast declines,  
A little Crescent round her Temples shines.



28 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

GAUDY with such Attire, amongst her Train,  
Goes *Proserpine*; and issuing from the Plain,  
And neighb'ring Springs, the Nymphs attend a-  
round:

From thee, *Crimsus*, and for Speed renown'd

*Pantagias*, ev'ry wondring *Nais* came;

From *Gelas* too, which gave the City Name.

From *Arethusa's* Source, and from the Flood

Of her *Alpheus*, came a beauteous Crowd.

Chaste *Cyane* conducts them o'er the Meads,

And all their Graces, in her own, exceeds.

SUCH the fair Troop of *Amazons* is seen

With moony Shields, and headed by their Queen:

When trembling *Tanais* has their Fury try'd;

Or the fierce *Getes* their Female Arms defy'd;

And proudly glitt'ring with their plunder'd Spoils,

The fierce *Virago's* march triumphant from their

Toils.

And such a Quire the Games of *Bacchus* hold,

At *Hermus'* Banks, whose Streams are rich with  
Gold;

While

THE RAPE of PROSERPINE. 29

While the pleas'd River still, his Joy to show,  
Redundant gushes with a wondrous Flow.

ÆTNA beheld them from his verdant Crown,  
Where laughing Flow'rs on the fresh Summit  
shone;

And in the Vale beneath, the balmy Wind,  
Zephyr the soft, to tender Roses kind:

And thus began; — O Father of the Spring,  
Whose genial Breath incessantly does bring  
The painted Beauties on my bloomy Plain,  
And kindly feeds, with an indulgent Reign:  
Thou see'st the sprightly Nymphs, the youthful  
Grace

Of Ceres' Daughter, Jove's Celestial Race,  
Sport on my Fields, and merrily appear,  
Then brightly dress the Scene, and perfect all the  
Year:

Array my fragrant Groves, and gayly crown  
With the prime Blessings which thou boast'st thy  
own:

And let the Whispers of thy pregnant Breeze,  
Call out the luscious Fruits upon the Trees,

With

30 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

With flav'rous Juice, that *Hybla* may repine,  
 And own his Orchards are excell'd by mine.  
 Whatever Spices scent *Pancea's* Grove,  
 And round *Hydaspes* balmy Borders move;  
 Whate'er the *Phœnix*, to compleat his Store,  
 Gathers, with Care, from ev'ry foreign Shore,  
 To build his Pile, in the Perfume to burn,  
 Breaking a new Successor from his Urn;  
 Waft on my Greens, thy pompous Honours bear,  
 And scatter all collected Odors there.  
 That the fair Train, from my alluring Meads,  
 May flow'ry Chaplets cull, and mingle for their  
 Heads.

HE said: His Wings auspicious *Zephyr* shakes,  
 The trickling Dew a joyous Season makes;  
 Where-e'er he flies, appears the Vernal Dye;  
 The Ground is green, and smiles the chearful Sky.  
 There sweetly flourish'd the Vermilion Rose,  
 And Hyacinths their Iron Hue disclose,  
 To shade the V'let which beneath them grows.



The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 31

A various Belt of Flow'rs the Mountain crown'd,  
Richer than what the *Parthian* Monarchs own'd.  
What Fleece, that with the deep Infection glow'd,  
Drench'd in the Dye, such various Graces show'd?  
Not *Juno's* Bird, the Beauty of the Skys,  
Proud of his Tail diversify'd with Eyes,  
Unfolds such Colours in his curious Train;  
Nor the bright Bow, which compasses the Rain;  
When on the breaking Clouds, the catching Light  
Paints the gay Arch, and finishes to Sight.

THE goodly Scene of this enchanting Place,  
Did ev'n the lovely Flow'rs by far surpass.  
Smooth on a Plain it lay, and all around  
The Borders gently swell'd to rising Ground.  
By unperceiv'd Degrees the Mountain grew,  
Easy to tread, and pleasing to the View.  
A crystal Fountain, from the living Stone,  
A murm'ring Stream produc'd, and swiftly run.  
And here a venerable Wood extends,  
Which the fierce Sun's Meridian Beams defends;

32 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

And in the sultry Heat of Summer, made  
 A welcome Coolness and refreshing Shade.  
 The Trees were several: the failing Fir,  
 And the strong Cornel, useful in the War:  
 Jove's fav'rite Oak, the fun'ral Cypress' Height,  
 The præscious Laurel, verdant to the Sight;  
 With dancing Leaves, the bushy Box appears,  
 Its creeping Trail the winding Ivy rears:  
 Grafted on Elms the Vine securely rose,  
 And, thriving by its new Alliance, grows.  
 Fast by, a Lake (and *Pergus* is the Name)  
 Unseal'd its Source, and pour'd a chiding Stream;  
 The Banks were cloth'd with a surrounding Wood,  
 And always green, well water'd by the Flood:  
 The limpid Fount, transparent to the Sight,  
 Did to the Bottom ev'ry Eye admit:  
 So soft, so pure the simple Waters flow,  
 They shew'd the Gravel and the Stones below.

'T WAS here the joyous Virgins took their way  
 With merry Hearts, and gave a loose to Play:

And

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE 33**

And *Venus* bids them search the Fields to find  
Garlands of Flow'rs, and round their Temples bind.  
This, my Companions, is the proper Time,  
In the fresh Morn, and in the cooler Prime;  
While my bright Star its copious Dew distils  
On the glad Ground, and with the Moisture fills.  
She said; Then crop'd the Flow'r which told her  
Grief:  
The beauteous Nymphs obey their beauteous  
Chief;  
And busily, in many a scatter'd Ring,  
They spoil the Honours of the wanton Spring.  
Thus, early in the Year, the swarming Bees  
Prepare to invade the Thyme and balmy Trees;  
They move their waxen Camp, the Monarchs lead,  
And thro' the Skies the winged Army head;  
To the sweet Bow'rs they take their airy Course,  
And on the flav'rous Leaves pour their united Force.  
Dispers'd upon the Lawn, the sportive Train  
Strip all the Glories of the verdant Plain:  
This gather'd Lillies, and the dusky Shade  
Of V'lets mix'd, and in a Noddy made;



34 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

Another Daffodils in order bound;  
 And that is proud with Rosy Chaplets crown'd.  
 Thee, *Hyacinth*, and thee, *Narcissus*, there  
 They pull, and on their snowy Foreheads wear.  
 Unhappy Flow'rs! whose little Leaves express  
 Your luckless Fate, and your once lovely Grace;  
 On a frail Stalk you grow, and dress the Field,  
 Who once the Crouds of fairest Youths excel'd:  
*Amyclas* that begot, this *Helicone*,  
 One a Quoit ruin'd, and a Fountain one;  
*Delius* himself laments thy riven Brains,  
 And sad *Cephissus* for thy Loss complains.

THE Hope and Darling of the fruitful Queen,  
 More eager of the wanton Play was seen,  
 And loads her Canisters with Plunder of the Green,  
 She sorts the several Flow'rs, and crowns her Head,  
 A fatal Omen of the Nuptial Bed.  
 The Maid Armipotent, a dreaded Pow'r,  
 Who drives th' embattel'd Host, and shakes the  
 solid Tow'r,  
 Dismiss'd her Arms and menacing Attire,  
 And mildly mixes with the softer Quire;

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE.** 35

A gaudy Helmet gather'd from the Lawn,  
Of painted Roses o'er her Brows is drawn;  
The furly Frown of War forsakes her Mein,  
She smiles like *Flora*, and she looks serene:  
Nor ev'n the Goddess of the Chace disdains  
The merry Pastime on the silken Plains,  
But binds in Order her dishevel'd Hairs,  
And a sweet Chaplet round her Temples wears.

**WHILE** thus they urge their Sport, a grumbling  
Sound

Alarms their Ears, and thunders all around;  
The Turrets totter, and the trembling Wall  
Heaves from its Base, inclining to the Fall:  
The Cause unknown: but *Cytherea* smiles,  
With mingled Terror, conscious of her Wiles;  
And now the King of Ghosts his Road pursues,  
Blind thro' the Ground, and every Passage views.  
*Enceladus*, the fiery Coursers press'd,  
His monstrous Limbs, and his wide-flaming Breast;  
The Giant labours with the pond'rous Freight,  
And vainly tries to shake aside the Weight,

# 36 The RAPE of PROSERPINE

And stop the Car: the groaning Wheels indent  
His Back; and crush it with a burning Print.

AND as a Captain traverses his way  
In secret Mines, the City to betray;  
Safe his Approaches he prepares below,  
From thence to rush on his unthinking Foe;  
And while in Peace the Town securely lies,  
Starting from Earth the sudden Soldiers rise,  
And their eluded Enemies surprize :

SO Saturn's neather Heir a Path explores,  
And the dark Soil in ev'ry Quarter bores,  
Ambitious of the Light; no Gate was found  
T' admit the Charlot thro the solid Ground;  
The Rocks oppose, and his Ascent withstand,  
And chain him down with their Eternal Band.  
Impatient, fierce, he suffers no Delay,  
But all indignant frees th' incumber'd Way;  
With his huge Scepter strikes the rooted Stone:  
Loud Echoes thro Sicilia's Caverns run,  
And lab'ring Lipare is heard to groan,  
Ev'n Vulcan stood astonish'd in his Cell,  
And from the Cyclops Hands the Thunder fell.

Th?



**The RAPE of PROSERPINE.** 37

Th' affrighted Traveller on *Alpine* Hills;  
Perceives the Tumult, and the Trembling feels;  
And such as sail'd on *Tiber's* humble Flood,  
(*Tiber* not then with *Roman* Honours proud)  
And o'er the *Po's* impetuous Current row'd.

SO when *Theffalia* lay beneath the Tide  
Of *Penens*; and the Rocks on ev'ry side  
Shut in the Waves, and a Retreat deny'd;  
*Neptune*, inrag'd to see the floated Plain  
Lost to the Beast, and ravish'd from the Swain;  
His heavy Trident brandish'd high in Air,  
And burst the Mountains Adamantine Bar:  
Then towering *Ossa*, loosen'd with the Wound,  
Leap'd from *Olympus* with a furious Bound;  
The Waters are releas'd, and to their Bed  
Restor'd, and to the Husbandman the Mead.

WHEN th' Isle, thus struck by *Pluto's* con-  
qu'ring Hand,  
Yawn'd in a gaping Flaw, and cleav'd the Land,  
A sudden Horror seiz'd th' affrighted Sky;  
The Stars disturb'd, their usual Course deny.

The

38: *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

The Bear, in the forbidden Ocean lives,  
 And hastily his Team the slow Bootes drives;  
 Orion star'd, and *Atlas*, in amaze,  
 Turn'd pale, and shudder'd at th' Infernal Neighs:  
 A cloudy Mist in heavy Vapours flies,  
 And ruddy Fogs obscure the blacken'd Skies.  
 The startling Steeds, accusom'd to the Night,  
 At the faint Glimm'ring of imperfect Light,  
 Curvet, and tols, and bear against the Rein,  
 To turn the Chariot back to Hell again;  
 But smartly lash'd, and reconcil'd to Day,  
 With more outrageous Speed they post away,  
 Than a swell'd River in a Wintry Flow,  
 Or the wing'd Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow;  
 Than the wild Fleetness of the Southern Wind,  
 Or sharp Reflections of an anxious Mind.  
 They bleed, they blow, and breathing, poison  
 round  
 Th' infected Air, and blast the tainted Ground.  
 The skreaming Nymphs fly, scatt'ring, far away,  
 While helpless *Proserpine* is made a Prey

To

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE 39**

To surly *Plato*, and implores amain,  
Her kindred Goddesses upon the Plain.

Now *Pallas* lifts her Shield; her level'd Bow  
*Phæbe* prepares, and aims a speedy Blow.

The common Cause excites their common Aid,  
Of pure Virginity to Lust betray'd.

At their weak Threats, the scornful Monarch  
smil'd :

As when a Lion, issuing from the Wild,  
A beauteous Heifer seizes in his Claws,

He tears the Bowels with his hungry Jaws;

On the dismember'd Prey he vents his Spite,

And gluts with Blood, his rav'nous Appetite;

Smear'd with the Gore, he shakes his brinded  
Main,

And mocks the Shepherds who assault in vain.

THOU griev'd Ruler of the lazy Dead,

*Minerva* cries, By what Possession led!

And whose prodigious Flames have fir'd thy Breast,

To leave thy Darkness, and the World infest?

With thee the *Dire* are, with thee the Grace

Of neather Gods, and the grim Furies Race,



40 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

Worthy of Thee, and worthy thou of Them;  
There fix, and there bestow thy Diadem;  
A proper Choice: contented with thy Shade;  
Nor impiously thy Brother's Lot invade.  
How dar'st thou from the Seats of Death arise  
To chearful Life, a Stranger to the Skies?

SCOWLING she spoke, and on the baleful Steeds  
Dash'd her strong Shield, and batter'd round their  
Heads.

The Gorgon's Face their forward Speed repel'd,  
And rais'd aloft her brandish'd Lance, she held:  
On the dun Car the glitt'ring Weapon thone;  
And from her Arm unerringly had flown:

But Jupiter, preveniently, from high  
Commanded Peace, and, lightning thro the Sky,  
Confess'd his new-made Son; and Hymen came,  
And firm'd the Marriage with a flashing Flame.  
The Goddesses unwillingly submit  
To Jove's Decree, and sourly thence retreat:  
Diana sigh'd, as she her Bow unbends,  
And to the weeping Maid these Wishes sends.

Worthy

IN

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 41**

**I**N thy kind Thoughts for ever let us dwell,  
My parting Dear, and O! a long Farewel!  
Our weak Efforts for Rescue are in vain,  
We must submit to the superior Reign,  
Ev'n thy own Sire against the Daughter joins,  
And to the silent Waste of Hell consigns.  
Never, ah! never shalt thou see again  
Thy Virgin Sisters, and the Nymphly Train.  
What cruel Fortune takes Thee from Above,  
The grieving Sky with thy Distress to move!  
No more shalt thou, with snary Nets, betray,  
Nor, with thy Spear, provoke the hunted Prey.  
Securely now may range the foamy Boar,  
And o'er the Woods the savage Lions roar.  
*Cynthia* and *Menelaus* thy Absence weep,  
And the mute Oracles supinely sleep.

**DOWNWARD** the Nymph the hurrying Cha-  
riot bears,  
She pounds her Cheeks, and with dishevel'd Hairs,

42 *The* RAPE of PROSERPINE.

And heaving Sobs, and interrupting Sighs,  
In vain Complaints accuses thus the Skies.

WHY didst thou not discharge thy forky Fire,  
And rattling Bolts against me, cruel Sire?  
Rather than thus to fend me down beneath,  
Shut from the World, an Inmate now of Death.  
Can'st thou thy Soul of Pity quite divest?  
Is all the Father blotted from thy Breast?  
What Crime, alas! has call'd this Punishment?  
I did not, when th' invading Giants bent  
Against th' assaulted Skies, their mad Design,  
Assist, nor with th' audacious Rebels join;  
Nor steep *Olympus* with huge *Ossa's* Weight  
Oppress, to multiply the Mountain's Height.  
What Fact endeavour'd, or what conscious Fault  
To this sad Exile has thy Daughter brought?  
O happy Maidens, whose alluring Charms  
Are made a Prey, and seiz'd in other Arms!  
You view, at least, the Sun, the Light enjoy;  
Tho ravish'd, yet not banish'd from the Sky.

And

G

But



**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 43**

But I, abandon'd to the worst of Woes,  
Virginity and Heav'n together lose;  
And hurry'd from the Day, a Slave am made  
To the foul griev'd Ruler of the Dead.  
O fatal Flow'rs! and (fatally despis'd)  
A Mother's Counsel, now too lately priz'd!  
False *Venus*; who, by thy deceitful Wiles,  
Hast caught a simple Virgin in thy Toils,  
Too late I see thy Arts, and thy perfidious Smiles.  
O Parent, help! if *Ida's* Shade detain  
Thy wanted Presence, with the howling Train,  
And clatter'd Cymbals, or the horrid Sight  
Of Priests, who bleed in consecrated Fight;  
When, flourishing their naked Swords in Air,  
Religiously they push, and Holy Wounds appear:  
Help wretched me, who thy Assistance need,  
With instant Succour; stop! oh! stop the Speed  
Of my grim Ravisher, his Course arrest,  
And save th' unhappy Darling of thy Breast!

HER comely Grief, the Softness of her Kind,  
With Pity melt the stubborn Monarch's Mind;

# 44 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

And rudely, as he wipes the falling Tears,  
The frighted Maid thus tenderly he cheers.

CEASE, my complaining Fair, thy Soul to  
With caustic Fears, thy troubled Thoughts appease.  
A nobler Scepter greatly thou shalt bear,  
A worthier Throne and larger Empire share.  
Weep not, my *Proserpine*, thou art not led  
Blindly to some ignoble Husband's Bed:  
The better *Jove* I am, whom all obey,  
Thro the wide Waste extends my boundless Sway.  
Thou hast not lost the happy Day; below,  
Another Sky, and shining Stars we know,  
A purer Light thou shalt behold, and chuse  
Th' *Elysian* Sun, and t' other Orb refuse.  
Thy pious Worshippers thou shalt admire;  
A precious Age, that never will expire,  
Inhabits there, a Golden Progeny  
Which Heav'n it self cou'd ev'n but once enjoy.

Fair Meadows thou shalt have, perpetual Flow'rs,  
By better *Zephyrs* fed, and pleasant Bow'rs.

## THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE 45

Not thy own ~~Eye~~ such a Scene can boast,  
Nor vie in Riches with that verdant Coast,  
In gloomy Groves, with yellow Metal bright,  
A radiant Tree attracts the wondring Sight,  
Holy to thee, this ever shall remain,  
Nor any Hand thy happy Plant profane.  
On the rich Bough resplendent Apples shine,  
And all their Golden Harvest shall be thine.  
This is but small: Whatever lives in Air,  
Or feeds on Earth, or does in Seas appear,  
What Rivers hide, or weedy Marshes own,  
Whate'er is bred beneath the Silver Moon;  
Whose rolling Orb divides the lower Spheres  
From upper Heav'n, and from th' Immortal Stars;  
Thine is the whole, whatever Nature bears.  
Before thy lofty Throne, the haughty Pride  
Of mighty Kings, their Purple laid aside,  
And Pageantry of State, shall lowly fall,  
Mix'd with the poorer Rout, for Death will equal all.  
In Judgment thou shalt sit, with Pow'r supreme,  
To crown the Pious, and the Bad condemn;

And



46 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE*

And the loath Sinners righteously compel,  
The guilty Actions of their Lives to tell.  
Hail Queen of neather Jove! receive from me,  
The three dread Sisters, in thy Family.  
Let what you will, be Fate. So *Pluto* said,  
Then chear'd his Horses, and provok'd their Speed;  
Swiftly they flew, and reach'd th' Infernal Gate,  
And slowly entring, pass'd in solemn State.

THE wondring Spirits swarm, and hover round,  
Thick as the Leaves, in Autumn, strew the Ground;  
Or ruffling Waves of the Tempestuous Main,  
Or Sands upon the Shore, or Show'rs of Southern  
Rain.

All Ages hasten to behold the Bride,  
A beauteous Sight, and crowd along her Side.

The Monarch comes, and an auspicious Grace,  
Unlike himself, prevail'd upon his Face.

At their desir'd Approach, the boiling Flood  
Of *Phlegethon*, in rising Billows, stood;  
His hissing Beard a fiery Torrent shed,  
And liquid Burnings o'er his Count'nance spread.

Inferior

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 47**

Inferior Ministers attend around,  
Some, from the lofty Car, the Team unbound;  
At large they turn them in the fullen Mead,  
Joyous of Night, on their old Fare to feed.  
These raise the weighty Arras, in their Turn,  
And those the Threshold with fresh Flow'rs adorn,  
Others fulfil their Charge, and on the Bed  
The flourish'd Vests, magnificently spread.  
A Quire of rev'rend Matrons meet their Queen,  
To sooth her Sorrows, and compose her Mein:  
With tender Words they pacify her Fears,  
And bind in Order, her dishevel'd Hairs.  
Then o'er her Face they throw the welcome Veil,  
To hide her Blushes, and her Shame conceal.

ALL Hell rejoices, and the Dead ordain  
The genial Banquet on th' Infernal Plain:

And the crown'd Manes with the Shades combine,  
In fervent Feasts, and in the Revels join.

Now chearful Songs th' Eternal Silence break;  
No Groans of Ghosts the hollow Caverns shake.

The

# 48 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

The Gloom disperses, and continu'd Night  
 Admits an infant Dawn, and purges into Light.  
*Minos* forgot his fatal Urn to roll;  
 No Lashes sound, no punish'd Spirits howl;  
*Ixion* turns not on his hurrying Wheel,  
 Nor swift from *Tantalus* the Waters steal.  
*Ixion* rests, and *Tantalus* relieves  
 His Thirst impatient, and the Draught receives:  
 And *Tityus* stretch'd, erected on the Ground,  
 His spacious Limbs, which spread nine Acres round;  
 Such was the Giant's Bulk; nor in his Side,  
 Her sharpen'd Beak the ravenous Vultur try'd;  
 Held from the Morsel, she beholds in vain  
 The wounded Liver heal, and grow again.  
 The guilty Croud th' avenging Furies spare;  
 They loose their Fetters, and the Scourge forbear;  
 And for the Draught the brimming Bowl prepare:  
 Largely they quaff, and to the Goblet hold  
 Their silent Snakes, which curl in many a Fold.  
 With holy Fire, a joyful Torch they light,  
 And Flames unwonted flash'd upon the Night.

Then



*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 49

Then first the Birds across the poison'd Lake,  
Securely cou'd their airy Journey take.  
*Amfanchus* his impetuous Roar suppress'd,  
And his unruffled Eddies smoothly rest,  
And troubled *Acheron*, they say, with Pride,  
Chang'd his sad Waves, and pour'd a milky Tide:  
*Cocytus* too, whom branching *Ivye* hemm'd,  
With gen'rous Wine enrich'd his standing Stream.  
The Fates lay down their Shears; no mournful Cries,  
Nor frightful Clamours, nor Laments arise:  
Death paus'd above; no hapless Sons expire,  
Nor weeping Parents watch the Fun'ral Fire;  
Nor Ships at Sea, nor Soldiers in the Fight,  
Nor Towns by Storm are lost, for Death suspends  
his Right:  
The Boatman Reeds around his Temples wears,  
And sings as he his empty Bottom steers.

NOW rose the downward Lights, when to the  
Bed

The lingring Maid, with kindly Force is led.

Beside it, glitt'ring in her starry Gown,

Stood Mother Night, the lasting League to crown;

H

She

50 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

She touch'd the Couch, and solemnly she ties  
The happy Union, and confirms their Joys.  
The pious Shades their loud Applause proclaim,  
And, with this Song, before their Monarch came.

**HAIL** Parent Queen, descended from Above,  
And thou, the Son and Brother now of Jove:  
With mutual Slumbers sleep, and gently twine  
Your Arms around your Neck, and in Embraces join.  
Hence shall a beauteous Progeny arise,  
And laughing Nature hopes new Deities;  
Then give us future Gods the World to grace,  
And gladden Ceres with a lovely Race.

*The End of the Second Book.*



**THE**  
Mother Night, the lasting League to crown;  
Bedde it, glittering in her fiery Gown,  
The lingring Maid, with kindly Force is led.  
Bed  
NOW role the  
the  
H



THE  
RAPE  
OF  
PROSERPINE.

BOOK III.



THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter, in a General Council of the Gods, declares his Design to make Ceres's Search for her lost Daughter, prove the Occasion of an Universal Benefit to Mankind, by her instructing them in the Art of Tillage, as she pursu'd her Course; and therefore prohibits any, under the severest Penalties, to discover to her, who had convey'd Proserpine away. Ceres, who was yet in Phrygia with Cybele, being affrighten'd by se-



## 52 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

veral unhappy Omens, resolves to go immediately to Sicily, and visit her Daughter, and provide her a Place where she might be more secure. When she was come thither, she finds the Doors of Proserpine's Lodge all open, and no Body in the Rooms: At last she meets with Electra, Nurse to Proserpine; and inquiring passionately for her Child, the Nurse relates how Venus having seduc'd her out into the open Field, she was suddenly snatch'd from her Attendants, and carry'd off, in an amazing manner; but she knew not who the Ravisher was, The prodigious Fogs which darken'd the Plain at his appearing, having conceal'd him from her sight. Ceres vent the Bitterness of her Rage against Jupiter, and the Goddesses who were present at the Action, and threatens them; and then relenting, earnestly intreats them to shew where her Daughter was conceal'd: But receiving no Answer, she prepares to search after her through every Part; and cutting down two large Cypress Trees, kindles them at Mount Aetna, to light her on the way.



HAN time Imperial Jove sent Iris down,

To call the Gods to Council at his Throne.

Wrap'd in her flushing Robes she swiftly flies,

On gentle Zephyrs thro the yielding Skies:

She cites the Deities beneath the Sea,

And watty Nymphs, and rallies their Delay.

Then

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 53

Then calls the Rivers from their oozy Caves:  
Trembling they start, and rise above the Waves,  
In open Air, th' important Cause to know  
Of the loud Summons, which they heard below.  
The shining Palace opes, the Pow'rs appear,  
And all, in just Degrees, are seated there.  
First, the Celestials sit; the second Place  
Falls to the Honours of the watry Race.  
*Nereus* and hoary *Phorcus*; *Glaucus* last,  
Of double Form, th' inferior Rank possess'd;  
And varying *Proteus*, in one Shape restrain'd;  
The better Rivers then their Session gain'd:  
The youthful Train stand humbly by their side,  
A thousand Streams which roll a modest Tide:  
Each *Nais* leans upon her liquid Sire,  
The staring Fauns the radiant Stars admire.

THEN, with an awful Majesty began  
Th' Almighty Sire: My Providence for Man,  
Tho late assum'd, has once employ'd my Care  
Of *Saturn's* slothful Years the Mischief to repair.  
Hence,

54 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Hence, seated in the Throne, we thought it best  
 To rouse the Nations from inglorious Rest,  
 By Cares of necessary Life distress'd :  
 That Corn unlabour'd shou'd no more be found,  
 Nor Honey from the sweating Oak abound ;  
 Nor with the gen'rous Juice the Rivers shine,  
 Around their Banks fermenting into Wine.  
 I envy not the World their grateful Ease,  
 (No hurtful Envy taints the Deities)  
 But Luxury, the Bane of honest Minds,  
 O'erlays the Soul, and deep Invention blinds :  
 While more ingenious Want inspires the Man  
 T' exert himself, and dare whate'er he can.  
 For daily Need to virtuous Arts will move,  
 And Arts invented, Practice will improve.  
 But now great Nature's Clamours deaf my Ears  
 To pity Human Kind, and ease their Cares :  
 She calls me Tyrant, and desires again  
 The flowing Bounty of my Father's Reign.  
 For while her Stores she copiously supplies,  
 The Niggard Jove, impatiently she cries,  
 (Skies  
 Starves the defrauded World, the Miser of the)



*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 55

Else why shou'd Brambles every where appear,  
Nor wholesom Fruits adorn the rolling Year?  
She, who a kindly Parent once was known,  
Is now a hard penurious Stepdame grown.  
What boots it Man, to view the shining Pole  
With Face erect, rich of a thinking Soul;  
If he, like Beasts, must wander o'er the Fields,  
And grind the Grain the common Acorn yields?  
Is this to live, on horrid Heaths to dwell,  
And lodge in Thickets or a lonely Cell?

THIS Imputation often I have borne;  
And now, indulgent to the World, I'll turn  
Their Forest Fare to more delicious Food,  
And bring them from the Wildness of the Wood.  
For *Ceres*, who the tawny Lions reins  
In *Ida's* Vale, with *Cybel's* madding Trains,  
Yet ign'rant of her Loss, I have decreed,  
O'er Sea and Earth shall steer, with rapid Speed;  
And wild with Sorrow, roam the World around,  
Till her lost Daughter shall at length be found.

56 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Of Tillage she shall shew the various Use,  
And, as she goes, the springing Ear produce;  
Rich Harvests from her rolling Car shall rise,  
And fill the Nations with a glad Surprise.  
The Pow'r serene, thro *Grecian* Towns shall ride,  
By Dragons drawn, which shine with speckled  
(Pride.

HENCE in full Synod strictly I declare;  
If any God, at *Ceres'* urgent Pray'r,  
The Ravisher, whom I protect, reveal  
In Words directly, or by Signals tell;  
The Weight of awful Empire I attest,  
Eternal Peace and salutary Rest;  
Shou'd it my Son, or Wife, or Sister be,  
(Alike obnoxious to the firm Decree;)  
Or of my darling Daughter's fav'rite Train,  
Or sprung, like *Pallas*, from my teeming Brain:  
My strongest Rage the Criminal shall bear,  
The rushing Thunder, and the Lightning's Scar;  
Groaning with utmost Torment he shall lie,  
Cursing his Lot, and vainly wish to die:  
While sore of pungent Pain, I'll drive him down  
To the Dominions of my new-made Son;

His

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE 57**

His full Revenge unpy'd to sustain,  
For the discover'd Rape, and his detected Reign.  
This Will of *Jove* then dare not to debate,  
'Tis fix'd, and is unalterable Fate:  
Severely thus pronounc'd the ruling God,  
And shook the trembling Skies with his superior  
(Nod.

**BUT** *Ceres*, boding Prodigies affright,  
And scaring Visions in the dead of Night,  
Still in her Sleep her *Proserpine* appears  
For ever lost, and fills her Soul with Fears.  
Now glitt'ring Jav'lines point against her Breast,  
And now to mournful Black converts her Vest.  
Now a wild Ash, which on the Hearth was seen,  
Naked of Leaves, sprouts out with chearful Green.  
Besides, a Laurel, chief of all the Grove,  
Which shaded once her Bed before the Thund'rer's  
Love,

Fell'd from the mangled Root, amaz'd she found,  
Its ruin'd Honours lay dispers'd around,  
Profan'd with Dust, and trampled on the Ground.  
And, asking, who the sacred Plant destroy'd,  
The sighing *Dryads* mournfully reply'd:



58 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

“ The grinning Furies, terrible to see,

“ With crooked Axes spoil’d the shatter’d Tree.

A T last, in solemn Silence of the Night,  
Her ravish’d Daughter to her slumb’ring Sight  
Appearing, brings the lamentable News  
Of her Distress, and manifestly shews.  
Lone in a Dungeon, and oppress’d with Chains;  
She thought she saw her sinking with her Pains.  
Not the fair *Proserpine*, who was before  
Lodg’d by the Mother on *Sicilia’s* Shore :  
Whom ev’n the Goddesses on *Aetna’s* Green,  
Envy’d the Charms of her superior Mein.  
Her yellow Hair, more shining than the Gold,  
Is foul with Dirt, and squalid to behold.  
Her chearful Cheeks are pale, her radiant Eyes  
Are dim’d with Night, and all their Lustre dies.  
Her ruddy Lips and snowy Limbs, the Soil  
Of *Strygian* Shades involves, and sooty Clouds defile.  
Scarce thro the black Disguise, the Parent knew  
The dismal Shape, and star’d with doubtful View :  
Then;

“ The

I

*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 59

Then ; O what dire, and what enormous Crime  
Cou'd to such Woes my *Proserpine* condemn ?

Ah ! whence this griev'd Form ? What Pow'r en-  
rag'd,

Has on me thus his cruel Spite assuag'd ?

How can thy tender Arms those I'ss sustain ?

Whose Load wou'd cumber ev'n the savage Train.

Art thou, art thou my Daughter ? Speak, declare ;

Or am I only caught with empty Air ?

IN Tears the sad Appearance thus reply'd :

Ah ! Mother, unconcern'd for me destroy'd !

More hard and savage than the savage Kind ;

How can you thus expel me from your Mind ?

Am I alone despis'd ? I thought the Name

Of *Proserpine* did all my Parent claim.

With these eternal Shackles see me bound,

Fix'd in the Horror of these Caves profound.

Yet, can you yet indulge the loose Delight

Of sounding Cymbals, and the Song invite ?

If in thy Heart I still preserve a Place,

If *Ceres* bore me, not the Tyger's Race,

60 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

From this affrightful Den thy Child convey,  
And bear me with thee to the happy Day:  
Or if the Fates forbid me to return,  
With one short Visit glad a Wretch forlorn.  
Thus mournfully she spoke: And as she try'd  
To lift her Hands, the cruel Chains deny'd,  
And the harsh Rattling of the Fetters breaks  
The Goddess' Sleep, and frighted *Ceres* wakes.  
Tho hagger'd with the Sight, she joys to find  
'Tis but a Dream which had disturb'd her Mind;  
Yet mourns her wanted Child: Then hasts to meet  
The *Phrygian* Mother in her secret Seat,  
And thus she does the rev'rend Grandame greet.

NO longer, holy Parent, can I stay,  
My absent Daughter summons me away,  
For fear some Fraud her Beauty shou'd betray.  
I dare not too securely trust her Bow'r,  
Tho founded by the *Cyclops*' Master Pow'r;  
Lest prying Fame the hidden Place shou'd tell,  
And *Sicily* too carelessly conceal.



**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 61**

The celebrated Isle too well is known,  
And this may ruin my Design alone.  
Some blinder Seat I therefore must explore,  
Some more remote, and unfrequented Shore;  
There roaring *Aetna* belches Flames around,  
By whose revealing Blaze my Daughter will be found.

Besides, dire Spectres in my Sleep appear,  
And Omens ev'ry day increas'd my Fear.

How oft the Sheafs which form my yellow Crown,  
Drop off untouch'd, and fall dishevel'd down?

How oft my swelling Breasts spout trickling Blood?

And in my Eyes the rising Tears have stood,

Then gush'd upon my Face, with weeping wet?

And my hard Hands, unbid, my Bosom beat?

Still if the hollow Box I blow, I hear

A screaming Noise, which wounds my aching Ear:

And if I shake the crooked Timbrels round,

The crooked Timbrels give a groaning Sound.

I fear these Omens much of Truth betray;

The dire Effect of my pernicious Stay.

62 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

MAY your Surmises, and your causless Fear,  
Cry'd *Cybele*, be putt aside in Air;  
And let the Thund'rer give a speedy Sign  
To what I say, and make the Lightning shine.  
But go, afflicted Goddess, go and try  
The certain Truth, your Doubts to satisfy;  
And, finding all in Peace, return again with Joy.

THEN, issuing from the Fane, she took her way,  
And thinks her Dragons linger with Delay:  
Impatiently she lashes on their Flight,  
And seeks *Sicilia* e'er she reach'd the Height  
Of *Ida's* Hill; obnoxious to her Tears,  
Nothing she hopes, and ev'ry thing she fears.  
So fears the Mother Bird, whose callow Young  
On a low Ash's trembling Boughs are hung:  
And, while she fetches Food, her little Breast  
With anxious Doubts is carefully possess'd,  
Left the rude Wind shou'd shake them from the  
Tree,

Or prying Boys the humble Palace see,

Or

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE 63**

Or cruel Eagles pounce the tender Prey,  
And bear the helpless Children far away.

**EXPOS'D** when *Ceres* saw th' unguarded Dome,  
The Doors wide open, and an empty Room;  
All hush'd within, surpriz'd beyond her Fears,  
Her flowing Garments mournfully she tears,  
The Chaplet on her Head, and rends her yellow  
Hairs.

Her Tears congeal, her Voice is now no more,  
And a deep Trembling seizes her all o'er.  
She shuts the Gates, and through the quiet House  
And silent Courts, with stagg'ring Paces goes;

And, as she rolls around her heavy Eyes,  
Th' unfinish'd Purple in the Woof she spies.  
In vain the Maid her heav'nly Art employ'd;  
*Arachne* boldly had the rest supply'd,  
And stretch'd her filmy Threds from Side to Side.  
Yet not with Screams her Sorrows she deplores,  
But kiss'd the Vest, and dumb Complainings pours.  
The Rock, the Wheel, and ev'ry little Toy,  
Which did the Virgin's infant Years imploy,



64 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

As her lost *Proserpine* she fondly press'd  
Close in her Lap, and hugg'd them on her Breast;  
Sits on her empty Bed, and calls her there  
With loving Words, and thinks she must appear.

SO looks the Herdsman, when he finds the Stall  
Silent of Lowings, and the bleating Call;  
Which Wolves, or nightly Lions have betray'd,  
Or plund'ring Soldiers to the Camp convey'd.  
Too late the Groom returns, and o'er the Plain  
And neighb'ring Pastures, seeks the ravi'sh'd Train,  
And makes his mimick Cries, and wonted Sounds  
(in vain)

LONE in a Chamber of the Cell, she found  
The good *Electra* grov'ling on the Ground;  
Once fam'd among the watry Nymphs she was,  
And now the Nurse of *Ceres'* tender Race:  
In lulling Cradles she had sooth'd her Joy;  
And oft before the Sov'reign of the Sky,  
The faithful Matron led the prattling Fair,  
And plac'd her on his Knees, with duteous Care,  
Her Guardian kind, and next her Mother dear.

Her,

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE.** 65

Her, as (her Hair with sordid Dust defil'd) <sup>is this</sup>  
She mourn'd the Fortune of th' illustrious Child;  
Ceres accosts, in hope to meet Relief,  
But first in Sighs she gave a Loose to Grief:  
What fatal Scene do I behold, she cry'd,  
And who has thus my utmost Bliss destroy'd?  
Reigns Jove above? or have the Giants won  
The Skies by Force, and thrust him from the  
Throne?  
So dire an Action who wou'd have assay'd,  
If Jove the Scepter of the World had I way'd?  
Cou'd va't Typhæus throw aside his Weight,  
Or did *Alcyoneus* the sultry Freight  
Of hot *Vesuvius* overturn? Or cou'd  
The lab'ring Giant rise from *Aetna's* pond'rous  
Load?  
Or has *Braveus*, with his hundred Hands,  
The Fact committed, with th' infernal Bands?  
Where, where's my *Proserpine*? And where are all  
The thousand Nymphs, who waited at her Call,  
With *Cyane* their Chief? What Magick Might  
Has caught them up, and snatch'd them from my  
Sight?

66 **The RAPE of PROSERPINE.**

Is this thy Vigilance? Is this the Care  
With which my Pledge you kept, and this the Faith  
(you bear?)

**T H E** Nurse stood trembling as the Goddess  
spoke,

More with Confusion than with Sorrow struck;

Nor cou'd the wretched Matron bear to see

The troubled Count'nance of the Deity.

Silent she stood, unwilling to reveal

Th' uncertain Miscreant and the certain Ill.

Then, falt'ring, thus: I wish the Giants Race

Had struck this deadly Blow, and wrought thee this  
Disgrace.

A common Evil less affects the Mind;

But whence this came, wou'd never be divin'd.

This is the Deed of no suspected Foe;

Thy Sister Goddesses have caus'd thy Woe.

Envious of greater Charms, th' unfriendly Sky

Has giv'n the Wound, and blasted all thy Joy,

More cruel than the curs'd *Phlegrean* Progeny.

Thy happy House was flourishing in Peace,

And thy fair Daughter in her safe Recess

Con-



The RAPE of PROSERPINE 67

Contented liv'd, nor wander'd out at large,  
Religiously observant of thy Charge.  
The Works of Maidens were her pious Care,  
Her artful Hands the weaving Loom prepare;  
With me she talk'd, I was her sole Delight;  
With me she slept, for ever in my Sight.  
In mutual Games we spend the cheerful Day,  
And in our ample Hall securely lay.  
Till *Venus* once a sudden Visit made,  
(Tis doubtful, who our Secrecy betray'd)  
And not to raise Suspicion in our Mind,  
*Pallas* was there, and chaste *Diana* join'd;  
Laughing she came, and often in her Arms  
Embrac'd the Virgin, and extol'd her Charms;  
And flatt'ring calls her Sister, and exclaim'd  
Against her Mother, and her Conduct blam'd;  
To hide her Beauty from desiring Eyes,  
And blindly banish from her native Skies  
Obnoxious to her Praise, she hastes to load  
The furnish'd Table with Celestial Food,  
And quaffs their Welcome to her new Abode.

And to the painted Lays their Steps they bend  
K 2  
Now

68 The RAPE of PROSERPINE

Now Sports pursue the Treat; Diana's Bow  
 She tries to bend, and does a Huntress show  
 The Lance of *Pallas* then attempts to wield,  
 Arm'd with her Crest, and labours at the Shield.  
*Minerva* the fair Amazon admir'd;  
 But *Venus*, crasie in Design, enquir'd  
 Of neighbouring *Eris*'s celebrated Plain;  
 This she repeats, and urges over again  
 And, feigning Ignorance, desires to know  
 How the rich Springs perpetually can flow  
 Nor wou'd believe the wintry Seasons yield  
 A bloomy Harvest on the verdant Field  
 While in Succession the lower Flourets rise  
 Nor fear the Fury of indignant Skies  
 Then warmly presses, them to lead her there,  
 To view the Wonders of th' Eternal Year.  
 Her Suit prevail'd: What heady Passions sway  
 The Dawn of Youth, and fondly lead astray  
 I begg'd, I cry'd, entreated, but in vain  
 She trusts her self with the perfidious Train  
 The ready Nymphs obsequiously attend  
 And to the painted Lawn their Steps they bend,

Now

K 2

All

**The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 69**

All in the Prime, while yet the Dewa were seen  
Fresh on the Flow'rs, and sparkled o'er the Green,  
But e'er the Noon of ripen'd Day begun,  
Black Night ascends, and cloaks th' extinguish'd  
Sun.

The nodding Isle shakes with the horrid Sound  
Of Neighs, and groaning Wheels, that labour o'er  
the Ground.

The Charioteer unknown; amaz'd with Fear,  
Or Pestilence we thought, or griev'd Death was near;  
A livid Poison breathes upon the Grass,

The Streams run back, and leave a naked space;

The Fields are foul with Fogs, and with'ring lie

The sickly Lillies, and the Roses die.

With hideous Sound the Car then drove away,

And bore the Night along, and Light renews the  
Day.

But Proserpine was vanish'd out of View;

And now, their Work perform'd, the Goddesses  
withdrew.

When gasping in the middle of the Mead,

(On her soft Bosom hung her drooping Head)

Fair Cyane we saw, the flow'ry Crown

From her incircled Brows fell blasted down.

Swiftly



70 The RAPE of PROSERPINE

Swiftly we ran, of her't' inquire the Fate  
Of *Proserpine*, and her uncertain State;  
For she was nearer to the dismal Scene,  
How look'd the Steeds, and what the Driver's  
Mein;

Who held the Reins, and steer'd the frightful Team,  
Nought she reply'd; but, tainted with the Stream,  
Gush'd sudden out an unexpected Stream;  
Trickling, her Hairs descend in wondrous Rain,  
Her Feet and Arms dissolve upon the Plain,  
And the clear Fountain winds around our Train.  
The rest flew off, and on *Pelorus'* Height,  
With rapid Wings, the new-made *Sirens* light;  
Their vow'd Revenge with fatal Songs maintain,  
And their sweet Notes the sailing Ships constrain:  
The listning Mariners the Charm attend,  
Till mournful Death the dear-bought Musick end.  
Thus I am left to drag my cumbrous Years,  
Worne with my Griefs, and burden'd with my Cares.

I N deep suspence, the Story *Ceres* heard,  
And weighing this, the worst of Fortunes fear'd;

Then

*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 71

Then up to Heav'n she darts her staring Eyes,  
And, madding, hastens to the guilty Skies,  
Th' *Hyrcean* Tyger thus, with Fury fir'd,  
For her stoln Whelps, and with Revenge inspir'd,  
Which the bold Horseman from the Den has drawn,  
And trembling, carries o'er the distant Lawn;  
Swifter than ev'n her Husband Wind, she flies  
To force the Robber to renounce his Prize;  
Calls out her angry Spots, her Jaws prepare  
To lick the Blood, the mangled Limbs to tear;  
When her own Form, reflected in the Glass,  
Deceives th' indignant Beast, and stops her eager Pace.

SO runs the Mother thro' th' *Ethereal* Plain;  
Restore, she cries, restore my Child again.  
I am not from some wandering River born,  
Nor a mean *Dryad*, such a Birth I scorn:  
The towry *Cybel* and the King of Gods  
My Parents are, who rul'd these bright Abodes.  
But what avails Prerogative Divine?  
Th' establish'd Laws of Heav'n no longer shine.  
Unspotted Virtue, and a noble Train  
Of Honours unallay'd, are now in vain;

Since

72 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Since the great Chastity of *Vulcan's* Wife  
Is proof to Scandal, and avows her Life.  
Tho' the whole Heav'n her glaring Conduct knows,  
Without a Blush her Face she freely shows.  
And from her Husband's Indolence is led  
T' abuse his Fondness, and pollute his Bed:  
Embolden'd thus, the scruples not the Choice  
Of guilty Pleasure and familiar Vice.  
But you, the boasted Maidens of the Sky,  
That you shou'd leave the Cause of pure Virginity,  
To follow *Venus!* and be loosely join'd  
In Rapes lascivious, with the wanton Kind!  
Well you deserve your Names, each happy Pow'r,  
Your Temples built on *Scythia's* freezing Shore,  
And thirsty Altars, drench'd in human Gore.  
What Crime cou'd thus your heav'nly Rage incense?  
And what was hapless *Proserpine's* Offence?  
Did she expel thee, *Delia*, from the Green,  
Or share the Trophies of the Martial Queen?  
What heedless Words cou'd your Revenge inspire?  
Or came she uninvited to your Quire?



*The RAPE of PROSERPINE.* 73

No, no, she cou'd not; lonely in her Cell,  
And far from hence did the fair Virgin dwell:  
I fix'd her there, because a better Face  
Shou'd not displease you with unequal Grace.  
But I conceal'd in vain; for canker'd Spite  
Is never reconcil'd, nor will its Rage remit.

THUS at the Gods severely she exclaims,  
But loads the Virgin Pow'rs, and chiefly blames.  
While they, by their Almighty Sire forbid,  
Or hold their Peace, or that they knew, deny'd,  
And answer'd her with Tears. What shall she do?  
Again she's conquer'd, and begins to woe;  
Forgive the Sallys of Maternal Zeal,  
The sudden Transports of the Grief I feel,  
Th' indecent Heat a Wretch has shown, and see  
The humble Parent suppliant at your Knee.  
Give me my certain Lot, at length, to know,  
'Tis what I ask, and what you can bestow.  
Whate'er it be, I beg you to reveal,  
And kindly show the real Form of Ill.

74 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

Make but my Fortune, in Compassion, known,  
 I'll take it calm, as if by Fate 'twere done,  
 Nor charge on you; let me not sue in vain;  
 Regard a Mother's Pray'r, and ease her Pain.  
 My Daughter to my longing Sight restore,  
 I will not seek to force her from your Pow'r;  
 Whoe'er he be, that has possess'd her Charms,  
 I'll make her his, and yield her to his Arms.  
 Then fear not *Ceres* shou'd redeem the Bride:  
 But if by Bribes to Secrecy you're ty'd,  
*Latona*, do thou speak, and glad my Breast,  
 Perhaps to thee, *Diana* has confess'd.  
 Thou know'st the Throws of Birth, the tender Love  
 Which does the Hearts of yearning Parents move:  
 Two glorious Twins thy double Joy fulfil,  
 I have but one, and her the Gods conceal.  
 So may'st thou still thy radiant Son enjoy,  
 And prove a happier Mother far than I.

AND here the Tears upon her Face return'd,  
 The silent Show'r her heavenly Face adorn'd.

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 75

A. H. me! I pray, deserted and alone,  
All fly my Griefs, and their Contagion shun.  
Why shou'd I vainly then implore the Skies?  
Against me join the hostile Deities;  
Why rather do'st thou not, with Speed, prepare,  
And search the World around to find thy Care?  
I'll travel with the Day; and devious Ways,  
And dark Recesses diligently trace;  
Hourly shall be my Pains; nor Sleep, nor Rest  
Shall interrupt my Toil for her distress'd,  
Till I have found the Darling of my Breast.  
Tho bury'd in the vast Iberian Deep,  
The guilty River in his Bosom keep;  
Not freezing Rhine, nor cold Rhipheus can,  
With bitter Frosts, my anxious Haste restrain,  
And moving Syntes shall oppose in vain.  
The farthest Borders of the South I'll bore,  
And stormy Boreas' wintry Seat explore.  
I'll visit western Atlas in my Flight,  
And with my Fires Hydaspes shall be bright.



76 The RAPE of PROSERPINE.

Let impious *Jupiter* behold from high  
My wand'ring Course, with an unpitied Eye;  
And unforgiving *Juno* glut her Spleen  
In the crush'd Fate of a lost Concubine:  
Insulting o'er me, let them proudly reign  
In haughty State, and sway the starry Plain;  
Vaunt of the noble Trophies they have won  
In *Ceres*' perill'd Race, and swell with the Renown.

SHE spoke, and sought the well-known <sup>(Height,</sup> *Ætna*  
To kindle Torches up, her toilsome Stage to light.

A GROVE there was near *Aëol*'s gentle Stream,  
Where lovely *Galatea* went to swim,  
Preferring to the Sea; and thick of Shade,  
The twining Boughs o'er *Ætna* largely play'd.  
Th' Almighty Father here had hung the Fields  
With the slain Giants Arms, and bloody Shields:  
The Wood is proud with the *Phlegrean* Spoil,  
And all the Victory adorn'd the Soil.  
Here widely their enormous Jaws extend,  
And there the Giants spacious Backs depend.

Their

The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 77

Their frowning Fronts, fix'd to the Trunk, appear  
To menace sourly with an angry Air.

And round their Limbs a frightful Heap there lies  
Of bloodless Snakes, which from their Bones arise ;  
Their Skins are blasted with the flashing Flame,  
Each Tree can boast some memorable Name.

*Aegæon's* hundred Swords this Trunk oppress ;  
And that, the shining Arms of *Cæus* dress ;  
Another, *Mimas's* were plac'd around ;  
*Ophion* one with ravish'd Trophies crown'd.

A tow'ring Fir, supreme of all the Wood,  
*Enceladus's* Royal Honours load ;  
King of the monstrous Race; the pond'rous Freight  
Had sunk the Tree beneath th' enormous Weight,  
But that a neighb'ring Oak conspir'd to prop it  
its freight.

Hence Gods and holy Horror to the Glade,  
And none presum'd to hurt the dreaded Shade,  
Or touch the Spoils ; no *Cyclops* thither led  
His bleating Sheep, or in the Pasture fed ;  
Ev'n from the Borders *Polyphemus* fled.

THE

78 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE*

THE long Religion of the sacred Place  
 Foreflow'd not *Ceres* in her eager Face:  
 She brandishes her Ax, to hew her way  
 Thro' *Jove* himself, if *Jove* her Course delay;  
 And fells the Pines and the smooth Cedars down,  
 And lops the Branches from the leafy Crown.  
 Fat, unctuous Trunks she takes, which fairly grow  
 Strait in the Bole, and moistly fed below.  
 The Merchant thus, expos'd in hope of Gain,  
 To some far Voyage o'er the stormy Main,  
 To build his Bottom, heaps the cover'd Ground  
 With Beach and Alders in the Forest found;  
 From the rude Trees the future Ship prepares,  
 And all, with Prudence, to his purpose squares:  
 The stretching Sails are fasten'd to the long,  
 And the tall Mast is fashion'd from the strong;  
 The sweeping Oars are from the softer made,  
 And the sharp Keel from what the Marshes bred.

TWO lofty Cypresses their Heads on high  
 Shot up unshorne, advancing in the Sky.



The RAPE of PROSERPINE. 79

Not rolling *Simois*, from his Banks, survey'd  
Their equal Growth in *Ida's* gloomy Shade;  
Nor fam'd *Orontes*, where his Waters move,  
And fatten, in their Course, *Apollo's* Grove.  
Two Twins they seem'd, the Glory of the Wood,  
So near they grew, with rival Honours proud.  
*Ceres* beheld them with desiring Sight,  
And tucks her Gown, and bares her Arm for Fight;  
With all her Strength she swings her Ax around,  
And pierces both with an alternate Wound.  
At once they tremble, and at once the Crown  
Sinks to the fatal Fall, and comes with Ruin  
down;  
Grief of the Woodland Pow'rs: rough as they were,  
The Goddess hales, and lifts them on her Car;  
And, loaded with the Prey, pursu'd her Flight,  
And clomb the steepy Hill's laborious Height;  
Thro rocky Paths untrod, with Toil she pass'd,  
And the detested Summit reach'd at last.

AS when *Megara* seizes, to pursue  
Some guilty Wretch, her Brands of baleful Yew;

80 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

To visit *Thebes*, or haunt the nightly Rest  
Of dire *Thyestes*, for th' inhuman Feast;  
The flitting *Manes* give Her way; around  
The Plains of Hell with Iron Hoofs resound;  
To *Phlegethon* she strides, and in the Stream  
Plunges her Torch, and fills with liquid Flame:  
So *Ceres*, in the burning Mountain's Crown,  
With Face averted, toss'd the Cypress down,  
Full in the Jaws, whence sultry Storms expire,  
And smother'd up the Mouth, and fallying Fire.  
Deep *Etna* groans, and *Vulcan* suffers Pain,  
While the pent Vapors upward heave in vain.  
The Trees blaze out, and with new Fuel fill  
The secret Caverns of the thund'ring Hill.  
And lest their Lamps shou'd, as she roams, decline,  
She bade the wakeful Flame incessant shine;  
And o'er the Trunks, the mournful Wand'rer threw  
The Sun's rich Ointment and the Lunar Dew.  
Now when the silent Night had lull'd to rest,  
Dejected *Ceres* to the Course address'd,  
And thus, with bleeding Heart, her self exprest'd :

AH!

AH! never did I hope, my *Proserpine*,  
 I shou'd have seen such Torches for thee shine!  
 But thought thou wou'dst, like other Children, wed  
 With chearful *Hymen*, to some worthy Bed,  
 Here in the Sky. But thus superior Fate  
 Without Distinction rules, and shakes the Heav'nly  
 State!  
 How happy was I once! incircled round  
 With Crouds of pressing Suitors, how renown'd!  
 When ev'ry fruitful Mother gave me place,  
 For the bright Glory of my single Race.  
 Thou wast my first Delight, my latest Bliss,  
 My only Joy, and all my Happiness;  
 My Grace, my Honour, and my boastful Pride;  
 My Godhead liv'd in thee, and with thee dy'd.  
 Equal to *Juno* then; but now the Scorn  
 Of all, I live abandon'd and forlorn;  
 Such is thy Father's Will: Yet why do I  
 Impute to him my present Misery?  
 The Cruelty is mine; 'tis I betray'd,  
 Who rashly left expos'd my helpless Maid:



82 *The RAPE of PROSERPINE.*

How fatally secure, amidst the Train  
 Of *Cybele* I revel'd on the Plain;  
 And in the manag'd Lions took Delight,  
 While my lost Child was borne away from Sight!  
 Behold my just Revenge: my Face is swell'd  
 With bruising Blows, and both my Breasts are whal'd,  
 Where shall I seek? What Lands my Darling hide?  
 Who'll show the Prints, and be my faithful Guide?  
 What Car, what Charioteer has snatch'd away?  
 Art thou an Inmate now of Earth, or Sea?  
 Where shall I trace the flying Wheels? and where  
 Remain the Tracks? what welcome Signs appear?  
 I'll run, I'll fly, and ev'ry Way I'll go,  
 As Chance shall lead me, and a Passage show.  
 May *Dion* thus for *Venus*, travel round;  
 But shall my Toil succeed, and will my Child be  
 And shall I once again behold thy Face, (found?  
 With longing Eyes, and meet thy wish'd Embrace?  
 Art thou still fair? and does the painted Hue,  
 Which dy'd thy Cheeks, continue fresh to View?  
 Or art thou blotted and obscene to Sight,  
 Such as I saw appearing in the Night?

well

M

SHE

SHE spoke ; and from the Hill began her Race,  
 And search'd the guilty Flow'rs and fatal Place.  
 To find the Tracks she hunts the Fields around,  
 And holds the blazing Torches to the Ground :  
 In Floods of trickling Tears the running Prints  
 are drown'd.

She sobs, she howls ; her Clamours pierce the Skies ;  
 The nightly Flame to distant Regions flies ;  
 Ev'n *Italy* and *Lybia*, with the Light  
 Which gleam'd upon their Shores, are faintly bright.  
 The farthest Borders of th' *Etruscan* Land  
 Reflect it, and the *Syrtes* moving Sand.  
 To *Scylla's* Den she came, the barking Train,  
 Part hush their Noise, and Part their Yells maintain.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The End of the Third and Last Book.*



SHE spoke; and from the Hall began her Race.

And teach'd the guilty Flow'rs and fatal Place.

To find the Tracks the hunters the fields around

And holds the blazing Torches to the Ground:

In Woods of tickling Tears the running Prints  
—are grown.

She fobs the howls; her Clamours pierce the Skies

The nighty flame to distant Regions flies;

Ev'n holy and light, with the light

Which gleam'd upon their shores, are faintly bright.

The farthest Borders of the European Land

Reflected it, and the waves moving sand.

To 24th's Den he came, the parking Train,

Part built their 146 and 181 their Yells maintain.

\* \* \* \* \*

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The End of the Third and Last Book.





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THE  
S T O R Y  
O F

*Sextus and Erichtho:*

From *Lucan's Pharsalia*. Book 6.

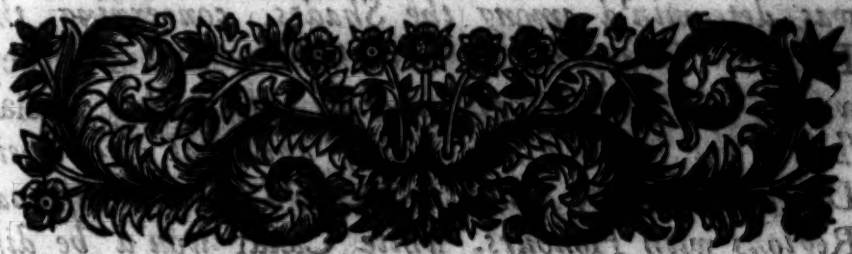
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STORY  
THE



Seamus and Ericthbo:

From Isaac's Phylaxis. Book 6.



THE  
STORY  
OF

*Sextus and Erichtho.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Upon Cæsar's Retreat into Theffaly, Pompey follows him thither; and the Neighbourhood of the two Armies rendring the Battel unavoidable, the Generals resolve upon the Encounter. The Night before the Engagement, Sextus, the Son of Pompey, being in panick Fear of the Event, steals privately out of the Camp, and goes to the famous Enchantress Erichtho, to know the Fortune of the ensuing Fight. Lucan takes occasion from hence to give a very Poetical Description of the surprizing Powers of the Theffalian Witches and their Sorceries, and of Erichtho's



Erichtho's Charms; who raises a Soldier that was slain in a former Skirmish, to learn of him what was determin'd among the Shades, concerning the Battle. It appears by his Answer, that Pompey was to lose the Victory, and his Life; that Cæsar shou'd not survive him long; and that after their Death, Pompey wou'd be receiv'd in the Infernal Regions with Honours, while Cæsar wou'd be disgrac'd and punish'd, as having fought the Cause of Tyranny and Oppression.



THE Chiefs incamp'd on this devoted Ground,

(bound;

Thro either Host prefaging Fears a-

And the dread Moment of the doubtful Fight  
Rolls on apace, and rises to the Sight.

Th' Approach of Fate dismays the Coward Train,  
While the brave Few more equally sustain

Th' alternate Passions: but with endless Shame,  
Sextus, unworthy his great Parent's Name,

Shook in the common Fright, forgetful of his Fame.

In Exile thus, on the Sicilian Sea,

A Pirate vile, he ravishes the Prey,

Pollutes the Triumphs which his Father won

On the same Shore, and cancels his Renown.

PUSH'D

PUSH'D by his Fear, and brookless of Delay,  
 T' explore the Fates, the Dastard took his way.  
 He sought not *Delos*, or the *Pythian* Cave,  
 Or sounding Oak, whence *Jove* his Answers gave;  
 Or what th' inspecting Augurs holy Art,  
 The rushing Lightnings, or wing'd Birds impart;  
 Or what the grave Astrologer declares,  
 From mingling Aspects of revolving Stars:  
 No lawful way the wretched *Roman* tries,  
 But to dire Magick impotently flies,  
 And fullen Rites, detested by the Skies:  
 In Hell he trusts, and moves the Shades below,  
 Nor thinks the Gods th' important Secret know.

THE Place it self his impious Thought inspires,  
 And shews the means to finish his Desires;  
 For near the Camp, th' *Hemonian* Witches Train  
 Tremendous dwelt, and held the heathy Plain:  
 No daring Fictions can transcend their Skill;  
 Things beyond Faith their wondrous Pow'rs fulfil.  
 Indulgent to their Charms, *Thessalia's* Coast  
 Does a large Birth of noxious Simples boast,

90      SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.

And Plants which force the Gods; the Rocks around  
Their Songs affect, and move the solid Ground.

And dire *Medea* on this baleful Shore,  
Gather'd new Herbs, and added to her Store.

EVEN Heav'n, which turns an unregarding Ear }  
To suppliant Nations and united Pray'n,  
Their Verse inclines attentively to hear.

One Voice of theirs strikes thro the vaulted Skies,  
Alarms the Chambers of the Deities;

Their Care of all the circling Globes suspends,  
While each the Summons speedily attends.

Soon as their Murmur is perceiv'd on high;  
The Gods o'erborne, leave all, and thither fly;

And the *Chaldean* and *Egyptian* Train,  
Surpriz'd, exert their utmost Art in vain.

IN stubborn Souls, by Fate averse from Love,  
They plant the Passion, and the Flame improve;  
In frozen Age th'extinguish'd Heat inspire,  
And burn its Winter with a sudden Fire.

Philfers



Philters their Art exalts, and ev'n the Juice  
Of the soft Tuft, that on the Fore-head grows  
Of new-born Foles: Without the feverish Draught,  
The madding Mind's destroy'd, and Rage tran-  
ports the Thought,  
In jarring Discord of the marry'd Life,  
When Beauty is too weak to hush the Strife;  
The Magick Threads around the Reel they move,  
And speak the Names design'd, and reconcile to  
(Love.

G R E A T Nature's Course they interrupt: the  
Day,

The Night prolong'd, has halted with Delay:  
The Spheres forget to move; and at their Nod  
The whirling Orbs have all supinely stood.  
With Wonder, Jove has seen the rapid Pole;  
Urg'd onward by himself, refuse to roll;  
And, while serenely shines the blazing Sun,  
Along the Skies black Clouds and Vapours run;  
And all around from his Celestial Tow'r,  
Astonish'd hears th' unbidden Thunders roar.

Then with a Word, they shake abroad their Hair,  
 The frowning Clouds are gone, and Heav'n is clear,  
 When ev'ry rustling Blast is hush'd asleep,  
 With boiling Billows they intrude the Deep;  
 And tho' the North descends upon the Main,  
 No troubled Waves deform the liquid Plain:  
 The stretching Canals swell against the Wind;  
 This blows before, and that is fill'd behind.  
 And dashing Torrents, which the Vales supply,  
 In falling from the Rocks are held on high:  
 Rivers run backward; and the fruitful Nile  
 In Summer ebbs, and starves the thirsty Soil.  
 Snaky *Meander* quits his sinuous Play,  
 And rolls in length directly to the Sea.  
 Slow *Arar* starts, and rushing hasty on,  
 Throws his swift Current in the creeping Rhone:  
 The lofty Hills submit their tow'ring Heads,  
 Depress'd to Vallies, and to level Meads.  
 The driving Clouds above *Olympus* fly,  
 Which wond'ring, see their misty Shade on high.

THE *Scythian* Snows, where rigid Winter reigns,  
 Severely freezing on the bleak Plains,  
 Without the Sun are thaw'd; from Ice unbound,  
 The Fountains flow, and tender is the Ground.  
 From the safe Shore the Surges they repel,  
 When Stars tempestuous the vex'd Ocean swell.  
 The steadfast Earth an inward trembling feels,  
 And giddily the shaken Axis reels;  
 Push'd off obliquely by their powerful Cry,  
 The weighty Ball remov'd, discloses either Sky.  
 And ev'ry Creature of the noxious Kind  
 Fears and afflicts them, in their Sore'rys join'd:  
 The savage Tiger, and the Lion's Brood  
 Fawn at their Feet, and shun the Taste of Blood.  
 And the close Volumes of the folded Snake  
 Untwist before them, in the thorny Brake.  
 Their Art the mangled Vipers re-unites,  
 And Human Poison the swell'd Serpent splits.  
 FROM whence this Labour to the Deities,  
 Their Herbs to follow, and attend their Cries?

What



94 **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

What awful Compact? What surprizing Cause,  
Necessity or Choice, to this Submission draws?  
Does Piety conceal'd, this Grace procure?  
Or silent Threats the strange Success assure?  
Is the whole Heav'n obedient to their Reign?  
Or does their Verse one certain God constrain,  
Of Pow'r to work whatever they ordain?  
For them the Stars drop headlong from on high,  
And the clear Moon is darken'd in the Sky;  
Sickly she shines, as when the spacious Shade  
Of Earth, projected, does her Orb invade.  
Thus they distress her Planet, till below  
Her venom'd Dews upon their Simples flow.

**THESE** Rites, which all the nightly Sisters use,  
The dire *Erichtho* sourly does refuse,  
And as debas'd with Sanctity accuse,  
Inventive of new Arts, her hideous Face  
She ne'er in Houses nor in Towns displays,  
But from the gaping Grave, and silent Tomb,  
Expels the Ghosts, and lodges in its Womb.

Grate-

Grateful to Hell, and privileg'd to hear  
 Th' Infernal Counsels, and their Secrets share;  
 To know the Stygian Realms, and blind Abode  
 Of the fell Manes and the Mystic God.  
 Nor Life nor Fate forbids: Her Front obscene  
 Is plough'd with Wrinkles, and with Famine lean:  
 Sunk are her rheumy Eyes; her loathsome Sight  
 Is never purg'd by Heav'n's serener Light.  
 Her wasted Face a dreadful Paleness wears,  
 And thick before it hang her matted Hairs,  
 When a black Tempest rises in the Skies,  
 And blots the Stars, she from her Cavern hies;  
 With curs'd Design the dire Enchantress stalks,  
 And catches sulph'rous Fires along her gloomy Walks.  
 TOUCH'D with her Feet, the blasted Harvest dies,  
 And the pure Air her tainted Breath destroys.  
 No Heav'nly Pow'rs she supplicates, nor prays  
 Their Aid, nor holy Sacrifices pays;  
 But feeds, With Gains from Funeral Off'rings, the  
 The sullen Flames that on her Altars burn.  
 The Throne above, at her first dismal Call,  
 Immediately assents, and grants her all,

And

And dread a second Voice: While Life remains  
 Sound in the Limbs, and beats within the Veins,  
 The Man she buries, tho the Fates design  
 A Length of Years, and to produce the Line;  
 And the stiff Carcass, with inverted Doom,  
 Breaks from the Burning, and escapes the Tomb.  
 The reeking Ashes, and the mouldring Bones,  
 And blazing Torches, which before their Sons  
 The weeping Parents bear, her wonted Prey,  
 She sternly seizes, and conveys away;  
 The Vests now burnt, the Relicks of the Pile,  
 And unctuous Coals yet fuming of their Spoil.

*BUT* if preserv'd in Monuments of Stone,  
 She meets a Corse intire, whose vital Moisture's  
 gone,  
 And the dry'd Marrow's hard, with hasty Rage,  
 On the torne Trunk, she does her Spite assuage;  
 Digs from their Sockets the clos'd Eyes, and chews  
 The sordid Excrements of Hands and Toes.  
 She champs the Halters, and insatiate gnaws  
 The throttling Noose in her polluted Jaws,  
 And from the Cross the lifeless Body draws.

Imbibes



Imbibes the Gore, which on the Gibbet sticks,  
 And hungrily the Putrefaction licks.  
 The putrid Entrails, wash'd with soaking Show'rs,  
 With horrid Gust, rapaciously devours;  
 And the cold Marrow, which the fultry Sun,  
 With fervid Rays, has stiffen'd in the Bone.

FROM Malefactors on the Tree, she steals  
 The gory Limbs, and crucifying Nails.

And oft suspended from the Gallows Height  
 Hangs, if the Flesh divides not at her Bite.

When on the Field a naked Carcass lies,  
 Before wild Beasts and Birds, she fastens on the  
 Prize;

Yet not with Hands or Knife the Flesh divides,  
 Till yelling Wolves have ranch'd the bleeding Sides.

Nor from the Guilt of Murder she abstains,  
 But from the Throat the vital Crimson drains,  
 The panting Bowels takes, and empties all the Veins.  
 And Births abortive, for her various Spells,

From the rent Womb the wayward Witch compels;

98      **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

Not in the way ordain'd by Nature's Laws,  
 But thro a griev'd Wound the wretched *Fetus* draws.  
 When murd'rous Ghosts she wants, and Shades  
     severe,  
 She makes them on the Spot, with cruel Care,  
 And recent Spirits instantly appear.

V A S T is her Pow'r : all Deaths of ev'ry Kind  
 Serve for her Use, and in her Charms are join'd.  
 From bloomy Youth the springing Down she culls,  
 And the weak Hair of dying Infants pulls.  
 And oft the Hag, ascending on the Bed,  
 When her own Kindred in the Flames were laid,  
 O'er the pale Body stretch'd her self along,  
 And seem'd to kiss : but round it as she clung,  
 She lops the Head, disjointed with her Teeth,  
 And opes the livid Mouth, tho closely seal'd by  
     Death ;  
 Eats off the Tongue, and to the Shades conveys  
 Thro the cold Lips, unhollow'd Messages.

SOON as the Rumour of her Fame was spread  
 In *Sextus*' Ears, and Night's ascending Shade

Obscur'd

Obscur'd the Pole ; when now the radiant Sun  
 Had, under Earth, his neather Noon begun ;  
 Darkling, attended by his Slaves, he strays  
 Thro pathless Desarts, and untrodden Ways.  
 They search'd the Caverns of each hollow Tomb,  
 In hope to meet *Erichtho* in its Womb :  
 She was not there ; but from afar they spy'd  
 Her famish'd Trunk upon a Mountain's side,  
 Where lofty *Hemus*, from his tow'ring Brow  
 Descending, mixes with the Plains below.

EMPLOY'D in sullen Spells, she sat alone,  
 Framing new Arts to Magick Gods unknown.  
 And lest the Troops shou'd other Regions chuse,  
 And *Theffaly* the plenteous Carnage lose,  
 She makes her Cries, and casts her Dews around,  
 To fix the Battel on th' *Emathian* Ground.  
 There Deaths unnumber'd, and the reeking Gore  
 Of the whole World, she hopes to make her Store ;  
 To rend the Limbs of Kings, to watch the Pyres,  
 And bear the glowing Ashes from the Fires ;



100 **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

To glean the Bones of Nobles on the Mead,

And gain at once a Nation of the Dead.

'Tis this the labours in her anxious Mind,

To what infernal Services design'd

Imperial *Pompey's* Bulk shou'd be, and where

The breathless *Cæsar's* Body she shall tear.

WHOM busy'd thus, the Scandal of his Race,  
*Sextus* approach'd, and thus accosts: "O Grace  
Of *Thessaly*, accustom'd here t' expound  
All dark Events, and for thy Skill renown'd:

When lab'ring Fates push onward to their End,  
Thou can'st arrest their Course, and often dost sus-  
O sage Enchantress, freely now declare (pend,

The secret Fortune of the cruel War;

And know, that of no common Line I am,

But the great *Pompey* for my Father claim:

His Doom I follow, either, Lord of all,

With him I triumph, or with him I fall.

Tormenting Doubts my troubled Soul perplex,

But my steel'd Breast no certain Fears can vex.

Let not capricious Chance this Power obtain,

T'oppress me blindly; try the Heav'nly Reign;

Or

Or spare the Gods; and from the Ghosts below,  
 The Truth discover, and the Secret know.  
 Unlock th' *Elysian* Seats, and from his Cell  
 The griev'd Figure of grim Death compel;  
 Make him reveal, who, in the fatal Day,  
 He marks for Ruin, and designs his Prey.  
 Great is the Task desir'd, and worthy Thee,  
 To trace the cover'd Paths of dark Futurity.

(reply'd :

SOOTH'D with her Praise the meagre Hag  
 If for one Lot alone my Skill you try'd,  
 I cou'd constrain th' unwilling Gods, with Ease,  
 And make them answer what Demands I please.  
 'Tis giv'n my Art to save a single Breath,  
 When frowning Planets press a speedy Death.  
 In early Youth I terminate his Years,  
 To whom old Age was promis'd by the Stars.  
 But since a Chain of Causes link'd, descends  
 From the World's Birth, and all on this depends;  
 If ought you'd alter here, the Fates reclaim;  
 For such a Change affects the common Frame.

In

102. SEXTUS and ERICHTHO:

In this we own that fickle Fortune's Pow'r  
Exceeds our Arts, and can oblige you more:  
Yet, if you'd learn the Chances of the Field,  
A thousand Signs will certain Knowledge yield.  
Earth, Heav'n, and Pluto, and the tossing Sea,  
The Fields and Mountains teach us Destiny.  
But since such Crouds lie breathless on the Plain,  
Let us select some Carcass newly slain;  
Whose recent Organs unimpair'd are found,  
And will pronounce a clear distinguish'd Sound;  
Lest, frying in the Sun, the Pipes decay,  
And whisp'ring Creaks instead of Words, convey.

SHE said; and doubles Night's involving Shade,  
And muffles in a pitchy Cloud, her Head;  
Roams o'er th' unbury'd Host; the Beasts of Prey,  
At her Approach, fly trembling far away.  
The Birds their fasten'd Talons loose; among  
The Dead, she strides, with heedful Eyes along:  
Surveys the Marrow, and with Caution tries,  
Unpierc'd with Wounds, whose stretching Lungs  
will rise

To



To form the Voice entire ; and then she weighs,  
 What Ghost of all the num'rous Heap to raise :  
 For shou'd she summon from th' Infernal Shore  
 Ev'n the whole Army, which expir'd before,  
 Hell wou'd obey, and render back again  
 The fallen Troops to be, in second Battel slain.

AT length she fix'd her Choice ; then strongly  
 In thro the bleeding Throat, a brazen Hook ;  
 To that a Rope she fasten'd ; by the Thong,  
 O'er rugged Rocks she haul'd the Corpse along.  
 To her detested Cave arriv'd at last,  
 Beneath the jutting Hill, the Witch the Body plac'd.  
 All gloomy was her Cell ; the dismal Den  
 Border'd on Hell, with little Space between.  
 Far sunk the Ground beneath ; above, a Wood  
 Of baleful Yews is spread, and thick the Forest  
 stood :

Thro the mix'd Branches never 'scapes a Ray,  
 Not the least Glimm'ring of imperfect Day ;  
 But Night Eternal reigns, unless her Spells  
 Call up strange Fires, and kindle in her Cells.

104 **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

In *Tenarus's* Jaws, the lazy Air  
Is purer than the flaggy Vapours here.  
Th' Infernal Sov'reigns hither send their Band,  
(The Confines of their Coast) at her Command.  
For tho she rules the Fates, 'tis doubtful yet  
If the Ghosts rise, or she descend to meet  
The gliding Spirits at their Limits set.

**S H E** chang'd her Looks, and readily assumes  
Her Robes of Death, in which she haunts the Tombs;  
The parti-colour'd Garment rudely wears,  
And o'er her Face she shakes her flaky Hairs.  
Her Crown of hissing Serpents arms her Head:  
Aghast the *Romans* shook, with awful Dread:  
Whom, when she saw, with *Sextus's* deep surprize,  
That, shiv'ring, fix'd upon the Ground his Eyes;  
Dismiss your Fears, she cries, your Sight afford,  
See the familiar Form of Life restor'd.  
The Man shall be himself, and such appear,  
That ev'n the tim'rous may securely hear.  
If Hell shou'd gape immense, and there disclose  
Her fiery Lakes, and all her tort'ring Woes;

The

The threat'ning Furies, and the Dog arise,  
 And the Gigantick Race, which shook the Skies;  
 Why, in my Presence, shou'd you view, with Fright,  
 The grieved Forms that tremble at my Sight?

THEN, stooping to the Body, thro the Breast  
 Warm Blood infuses, to revive the rest:  
 Makes large Incisions, and thro them her Store  
 She gently pours, and wipes away the Gore.  
 A sov'reign Composition she had brew'd;  
 Dews, which the Moon in rosy Gellies spew'd:  
 All dire Ingredients the sad Mixture frame;  
 Nature's imperfect Births, deform'd and lame.  
 The Foam of rabid Dogs, that Water shun;  
 The *Lynx's* Bowels, and *Hyana's* Bone.  
 The Marrow of a Stag; which, living, fed  
 On swelling Serpents, in the Thickets bred.  
 The Fish that sailing Ships has strongly held,  
 When push'd by Waves, and by the Winds impel'd.  
 Green Dragon's ardent Eyes: the sounding Stone,  
 Which in their Nest, the brooding Eagles own.



106 **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

The flying Snakes of wild *Arabia's* Plain;  
The Vipers, who beneath the ruddy Main,  
To guard the Conchs of sparkling Diamonds strive;  
The Skin of *Lybian* Serpents, flea'd alive;  
And *Phenix's* Ashes, which the Flames survive:  
With vulgar Juices, yet without a Name,  
And Plagues of various sorts, conceal'd from Fame.  
Spell'd Leaves, and Herbs, that, in their early Birth,  
Her Mouth invenom'd, on their Mother Barch:  
And all the Poisons, which, before unknown,  
She had invented, and had made her own.

**THEN** adds her Dissonance; by far more strong  
Than all her Herbs, to charm the Gods along.  
And first, she murmurs, with a hollow Voice,  
Sounds undistinguish'd, and discordant Noise.  
Barks like a Dog, and like a Wolf she howls,  
Roars like wild Beasts, and hoots like fun'ral Owls.  
The Serpent's Hissings, and the dashing Sound  
Of beating Billows which the Rocks surround;  
The noise of whelp ring Woods, e'er Tempests move,  
And the loud Roar of Thunder burst above,

Her

Her single Voice express'd: She rais'd her Cry;  
 The far-resounding Yell is heard on high,  
 Hell echoes back beneath, and shakes th' affrighted  
 (Sky.)

YE lashing Furies and avenging Pains,  
 Who rack the Guilty on the *Stygian* Plains,  
 Chaos unform'd, who with malignant Joy  
 Wou'dst ravage all, and endless Worlds destroy:  
 Thou neither *Jove*, constrain'd to bear the Load  
 Of boundless Life, unwillingly a God:  
*Styx* and *Elysium*, whose *Ethereal* Grace  
 The Fates forbid th' impure *Thessalian* Race:  
 And *Proserpine*, who hat'st the cheerful Light  
 Of Heaven, and thy once lov'd Mother's Sight:  
 Thou wond'rous *Hecate*, by whose triple Sway  
 The gloomy Mansions our Commands obey:  
 And thou the Porter of th' infernal Gate,  
 Whose craving Paunch expects the bloody Bait:  
 Ye fatal Sisters, your Assistance join,  
 Again unite, again to cut the Line:  
 Thou griesly Boatman of the fiery Flood,  
 Whose Vessel oft has labour'd with the Load

108 **SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.**

Of Souls by me restor'd to vital Air,

Hear my Pétition, and allow my Pray'r.

If with a guilty Voice, and foul with Gore,

Your wonted Aid I solemnly implore;

And with abortive Births and reeking Brains,

Have often gorg'd the Crew that haunts your dreary  
Plains.

If Babes new-born I in your Fires have laid,

And the warm Bowels in the Chargers paid,

Let my Request be speedily obey'd.

I ask not Hell to render back to Light

Her inmate Ghosts, accustom'd to the Night;

The Shade I call, is just arriv'd beneath,

Panting from Life, and gasping after Breath:

Not yet transported to the farther Shore,

Charon had need but once convey him o'er.

Send here some Soldier's Shadow to relate,

To Pompey's Son, his Father's future Fate;

If Civil Wars can meritorious prove,

And you, Destruction Death and Slaughter love.

**SCARCE**



(Head,

SCARCE had she spoke, and rais'd her fordid  
 When hov'ring o'er the Corps, she saw the Shade,  
 Shiv'ring, and anxious of its former Pain,  
 And loth to try its irksom Jail again:  
 Thro the torne Breast, and mangled Limbs to glide,  
 The broken Bowels, and the wounded Side.  
 Unhappy Ghost! not privileg'd t' enjoy  
 Death's final Gift, and thus forbid to die.  
*Erichtho* wonder'd at the Fates Delay,  
 Who thus presum'd her Charms to disobey;  
 And, fill'd with Rage, her brandish'd Whip she shakes,  
 And smites the Body with her hissing Snakes;  
 Then sends her Voice thro the divided Ground,  
 And fills Hell's Caverns with the bellowing Sound.

YE cruel Sisters, why this backward Will  
 To grant my Pray'r, and own th' accustom'd Spell?  
 Why, with your ratt'ling Scourge, do ye delay  
 To lash the lingring Spright, and drive him on the  
 Way?  
 For this, with your true Names I'll brand your Race,  
 And call Infernal Bitches, in Disgrace:

I'll

110 SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.

I'll drag you from the Shades of endless Night,  
 And fix you in the glaring Beams of Light;  
 Hale from your silent Urns and hollow Tomb,  
 Your secret Monuments, and welcome Gloom.  
 Thee, faithless *Hecate*, to the Gods I'll show,  
 In thy obscene polluted Form below;  
 Confirm each squalid Feature in thy Face,  
 And thus expose thee to th' *Ethereal Race*,  
 Where thou hast often shone with lovely Grace,  
 I'll tell, what fordid Excrements delight,  
 And serve to feast thy rav'nous Appetite:  
 The truth of thy incestuous Love declare,  
 For which, ev'n *Ceres* chose to leave thee there.  
 Regardless *Pluto*, for this bold Disdain,  
 I'll cleave your Caves, and on the gloomy Plain  
 Throw down the rushing Light, and pour the  
 Day a-main.  
 What! must I then pronounce his awful Name,  
 Who shakes the trembling Earth's disjointed Frame!  
 Who can, unhurt, the stiff'ning Gorgon face;  
 And cuts with sharper Thongs, *Erynnis'* fearful Race.  
 Whose large Dominions, and whose spacious Cell  
 Is founded deep beneath your upper Hell,  
 Unseen

Unseen and dark ; who, by the *Stygian* Flood  
Swears, and then laughs to break the Truth he vow'd.

AND now the Blood, fermenting in the Veins,  
Feeds the black Wounds, and thro the Body strains.  
The vital Vessels feel the running Heat,  
And in the Breast the trembling Fibres beat.  
New Life returns, but Life with Death allay'd,  
And thro the Limbs a languid Vigor stray'd ;  
The Nerves, distended, their old Service found ;  
Nor by degrees the Body rose from Ground,  
But stood erected, with a sudden Bound.  
The waking Eyes forgotten Day behold,  
And sleepily within their Sockets roll'd.  
Nor dead, nor yet alive appears the Man,  
Stiff are the Members and the Face is wan.  
Amaz'd, he stares at his recover'd Breath,  
Thus hurry'd into Life, and snatch'd from Death.  
But from his Lips no issuing Sounds arise ;  
For thus restor'd, his Voice and Tongue suffice,  
At her Demands alone to make Replies.



**HEED** my Desire, *Erichtho* cry'd, and see  
 What great Rewards I have reserv'd for thee;  
 Give faithful Answers, and when thou shalt die,  
 The Benefit of Death thou ever shalt enjoy.  
 Such Fun'rals shall attend thy last Remains,  
 Such Wood, with Spells, shall burn thee on the Plains,  
 That no united Incantations made  
 To force thee upward, shall affect thy Shade;  
 This is thy Recompence: Nor Herbs, nor Cries  
 Shall break thy heavy Sleep, and make thee rise.  
 Prophets and Oracles uncertain are,  
 And dark Responses doubtfully declare;  
 But they, who boldly dare inquire their Fate  
 Of Ghosts beneath, and knock at *Pluto's* Gate,  
 Are told the Truth by the revealing Spright:  
 Then clearly answer, and inform us right.  
 Name Things and Places, and in such a Tone  
 That the Fates Dictates may be plainly shown.

**CHARM'D** into Speech, and by her Art inspir'd  
 To know, and answer all that she requir'd,

The mournful Shroud, with trickling Tears, begun:

YOUR Spells have summon'd me from *Styx* so soon,

I cou'd not see the cruel *Parca's* Line,

To learn the future Fortunes they design.

Yet this I gather from the shadowy Host

The *Roman* *Manes* are in Factions tost,

Eternal Peace in Civil War is lost:

The Leaders leave th' *Elysian* Seats below,

And Depths of Hell, and evidently show

What secretly the Fates design; and there,

The happy Ghosts a mournful Countenance bear.

The two devoted *Deili* I beheld,

And great *Camillus*, weeping in the Field;

The *Curii* too, and *Scylla*, who in vain,

Of persecuting Fortune, does complain;

And *Scipio*, who his Offspring's Lot deplores,

Doom'd to be slain on *Lybia's* desert Shores.

*Cato*, the Bane of *Carthage*, does lament,

His untam'd Nephew's Fate, with endless Discon-

*Brutus* alone, who cast the Tyrant's Race

From *Rome* oppress'd, appears with chearful Face,

Q

Among

114 SEXTUS and ERICHTHO.

Among the pious Spirits; fill'd with Joy,  
 Serene his Looks, and sparkling is his Eye.  
 Fierce *Catiline* has shaken off his Chains,  
 And runs exulting o'er th' infernal Plains;  
 With *Marius* and *Cethegus*, and their Trains.  
 I saw the Pop'lar *Drusus* smiling there,  
 And a glad *Mein* the lawless *Gracchi* wear;  
 In the blind Dungeon pent, and strongly bound,  
 They clap their Hands, and loudly shout around.  
 With clam'rous Insolence, the guilty Band  
 The purer Seats of spotless Shades demand.  
 The gloomy Monarch does with Care provide  
 For coming Souls, and opes his Prisons wide:  
 Sharp pointed Rocks, and weighty Ir'ns prepares,  
 For the vile Victor in injurious Wars.  
 But thou, O Youth, no more with Fears possess'd,  
 With this Assurance feed thy anxious Breast;  
 The happy Souls, in their *Elysian* Fields,  
 Where the bright Scene immortal Pleasure yields,  
 Expect the Father and his shining Race,  
 And keep for *Pompey* a distinguish'd Place.



Nor envy thou the Conqueror's guilty Crown;  
 Short is his Term, and fading his Renown.  
 For the swift Hour arrives without Delay,  
 When all alike shall tread the downward Way.  
 Then dare your Death, and meet him in the Race,  
 With Mind resolv'd, and rush to his Embrace.  
 Haste to receive triumphant Wreaths below,  
 Tho your Remains ignoble Fun'ral's know.  
 There, bent beneath your Yoke, you shall subdue  
 Rome's new-made Gods, a base Tyrannick Crew.  
 The Fight will only this Distinction make,  
 Who shall their Turn at *Nile*, and who at *Tyber* take;  
 And where the Chiefs shall fall: but ask not thou  
 Thy proper Fortune (best conceal'd) to know;  
 Which Fate, tho I am silent, will reveal:  
 But farther yet, thy Father's Shadow tell,  
 In fair *Sicilia* seen, with Doubts oppress'd,  
 Where to direct thee, and procure thee Rest,  
 Unhappy Creatures! *Europe*, *Asia* fear,  
 And *Lybia* shun: your Fortune you must bear;  
 In Death divided, as your Triumphs were.

Ah!

Ah! wretched House! to whom the World can yield  
No Place securer than th' *Emathian* Field.

HE said, and ceas'd, and mournful as he stands,  
The welcome Death with piteous Looks demands:  
For this a Charm was needful, since before  
The Fates abolv'd their Right, and cou'd exert no  
more.

*Erichtho* now prepar'd a sudden Pyre,  
The stalking Body hasted to the Fire;  
Plac'd on the Pyle, the smould'ring Flame she tines,  
And to the *Manes* finally consigns;  
Then to the Camp, with *Sextus*, took the way:  
The Skies began to blush with streaky Day;  
But till they safe arriv'd, the friendly Night,  
At her Command, repell'd the rising Light.

## F I N I S.

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ERRATA.

*Preface*, Page v. Line Penult, for *Fame* read *Fane*.

Page 12. V. 16. for *on* read *from*.

67. — 8. for *lay* read *play*.

95. — Penult, for *Throne* read *Thrones*.